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THE EGYPTIAN DEBATE.

THE interest of individual speeches in the Egyptian debate (which is likely to be protracted) is perhaps inferior to the general question of its probable result on the country. Lord CAIRNS in the House of Lords and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE at the St. Stephen's Club dinner commented justly enough on the character of the Government defence as conducted by the Government chiefs. Lord GRANVILLE paid us the compliment of adopting our suggestion that he should make the speech that he ought to have made a week before; but he unfortunately imposed on us the duty of suggesting now that he should make next week the speech he ought to have made on Tuesday. Mr. GLADSTONE with immense energy, and almost more than his usual luxuriance of subterfuge, devoted himself to the task of marching past the enemy, and exploring regions which the enemy had not occupied or thought of occupying. Ministers are charged with allowing the massacre of Sinkat, and they reply by discussions of the Dual Control. They are asked why, in the just language of their own supporters, they committed the "little short of deliberate murder" of sending BAKER PASHA's troops to be spared, and they reply that Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD is sensibly ameliorating the condition of the Egyptian prisons. Exactly the same contrast reproduced itself between the two chief speeches of Thursday. The whole gist of Mr. FORSTER's able argument for the motion (characteristically capped by a promise to vote against it) lay in the question, "Why did you not do weeks ago what you are doing now?" The whole drift of Sir CHARLES DILKE's equally able and equally characteristic reply was a "drift past," a skilful evasion and eluding of the demand. The special as opposed to the general object of this course of apology is obvious enough. What is above all things necessary is to apply a sedative to the consciences of Liberal members which may enable them to vote for the Government without unbearable twinges. Everybody knows that the vote of the House of Lords on Tuesday was the vote, as Lord SALISBURY has said, which every Englishman who was not constrained by party ties to be silent would have given in a plebiscite on Tuesday night after the news of the fall of Sinkat. Everybody knows that that unhappy garrison looked daily for English aid. What is wanted, therefore, is to obliterate as far as may be this knowledge and these sentiments in the Liberal party. For that purpose and for no other the indignation and the circumlocution, the arguments on points which nobody wants argued, and the refusal to argue the points which everybody wants argued, may be supposed to be suitable.

Outside the walls of Parliament it is very noteworthy that the Government have not succeeded in rallying a single defender beyond the ranks of a small and faithful band, who follow a celebrated Parliamentary character by "denying everything." With these last very short work can be made. If they deny that, after Lord GRANVILLE's despatch of the 4th of January, every step taken by BAKER PASHA was a step for which the English Government was responsible unless the English Government directly forbade it; if they say that between that date and the last agony Sinkat could not have been relieved; if they assert that the force under BAKER was, on good and valid testimony of experts, reasonably sufficient for the work; if they urge that TEWFIK BEY knew nothing of England, and had no ground for expecting anything from England—they say what they know,

or ought to know, to be false, and they deny what they know, or ought to know, to be true. A certain common ground of respect for proved and notorious facts is necessary before political argument is possible—before, indeed, any man who respects himself can condescend to attempt it. The responsibility of the Government for the fate of HICKS PASHA is a matter on which, though it may be difficult to imagine how any one can honestly and with knowledge deny that responsibility, there yet may be two opinions. The slowness of the Government to come to any definite decision as to the Soudan is another point on which, though the balance of argument is very greatly against them, there are yet such contents in the lighter scale that the process of weighing is not wholly frivolous. But, with respect to the rout of Teb and the massacre at Sinkat, the facts are absolutely unchallengeable, and entirely on one side. For a full month before the one, and for nearly six months before the other, England, by her own declaration, had assumed an absolute initiative and an absolute veto in the dealings of Egypt with the Soudan. Every act done, or not done, by an Egyptian commander within reach of telegraph or messenger was done, or not done, under formally announced English overseership and command. Ample means were at hand for doing what was necessary, and ample powers for forbidding what might have been deemed undesirable. The Government neither did nor forbade doing. They knew that Sinkat was in extremities, and all Mr. GLADSTONE's assurances will not convince a single soldier that they did not know the entire untrustworthiness of BAKER's force. If they did not know it, so much the worse for them. And they capped the climax of imbecility by waiting for days, during which it was impossible to get at General GORDON, in order to find out General GORDON's opinion on a point on which, from his own words, he seems to have been almost entirely indifferent. Certainly excursus on the administrative excellences of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD and historical criticisms of the Dual Control are, from Mr. GLADSTONE's point of view, thoroughly in place. He said nothing in exculpation of his cruel and cowardly fault. And he did not say it because he could not say it, because there was nothing to say. The one word approximating to the actual situation was his assurance of BAKER PASHA's satisfaction with his chances. As if, supposing that this rather Bardolphian security as to BAKER PASHA's utterances were accepted, any General was likely to declare himself utterly hopeless and helpless in a task which he had undertaken, and as if the Government had not abundant means of knowing from expert and unbiassed sources the forlornness of the hope!

These things are so clear that, with the exception of those who, as has been said, start from propositions demonstrably and notoriously false, no attempt has been made anywhere to explain them away. File after file of newspapers devoted to the Government may be turned without discovering a single really hearty defence of the Government conduct by any one who does not invent his premisses and beg his conclusion. It is not that the faithful followers desert their chiefs. It is sometimes said that party hatred is less bitter than it once was; it certainly cannot be said that party allegiance is weaker. After comforting himself with the irrelevant diversion of blaming the form of the Opposition attack, or insinuating that the Opposition themselves would have done no better, or taunting their chiefs with the absence of an announced policy, and the inferiority of their appeals to passion as compared with Mr. GLADSTONE's, follower after

follower of the Government ends by the tell-tale confession that it would be well if these measures had been taken earlier, that a firmer policy would have been preferable, that in fact the Opposition charge is substantially true, and that there is no defence to it. The quibblers about vacillation forget that the vacillator need not necessarily do one definite thing one day and another another. It is in the inconsistency of acts with any definite tenor of purpose that vacillation consists, and it is this inconsistency which the Government have displayed. Even since the beginning of the debate they have exemplified the fault charged against them. Their warmest apologists, the very apologists who most boldly deny the facts, admit that the measures taken now might have been and ought to have been taken long ago, even if it was necessary to wait for BAKER's defeat and GORDON's permission before actively undertaking the relief of the garrisons. The plaintive suggestion is put forward that "some commencement of preparation for the contingency" of GORDON's non-disapproval might have been made. And why was it not made? Simply because the Government has vacillated, is vacillating, and will vacillate to the end of the chapter. The same intolerance of facts which showed itself before the first Egyptian War shows itself before what Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE calls the second. Had Lord ALCESTER had a couple of thousand men ready to land at Alexandria, there would have been no first war. Had Lord GRANVILLE's despatch of the 4th of January even then been accompanied by the despatch of a small force to Souakim, Sinkat would not have fallen, the rout and butchery of Teb would not have happened, and General GORDON would have been as free as he is at the present moment to do what seems best to him in the interior. But this would have required Ministers to look facts in the face, to give up political living from hand to mouth, to abandon their absurd theory that England is protecting Egypt without a Protectorate, and occupying it without an occupation. It was not done, and thousands of lives have been sacrificed, a great disgrace has, in the secure judgment of the civilized world, fallen upon England, and a costly expedition of which no man can see the end has been made necessary.

CAVES.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL boasted a week ago in an election speech at Bridgwater that in the conduct of the Franchise Bill the Government will not have to fear the establishment of a Cave. There were, indeed, as he said with a strange confusion of metaphors, two or three hyenas prowling about in search of such a refuge; but they would look in vain for the shelter which was provided for their kind in 1866. A political Cave, which owes its name to Mr. BRIGHT, is a resort, not of wild beasts, but of malcontents. When a small section of Lord RUSSELL's followers began to oppose his Reform Bill, Mr. BRIGHT, affecting to doubt whether Mr. LOWE or Mr. HORSMAN was their leader, declared that the party reminded him of a Skye terrier, so much hidden in hair that it was difficult to say which end was head and which was tail. In a short time, when it was evident that Mr. LOWE had become the chief of a considerable body of seceders, Mr. BRIGHT devised a new parable, reminding the House how every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented joined DAVID in the Cave of Adullam. Mr. LOWE and his friends at once accepted the description, only complaining that the Cave was becoming too small to hold them. That there is now no Cave, as far as domestic politics are concerned, is a result of the diminished independence or of the less scrupulous consciences of Liberal members. The Caucus keeps watch over every available opening, and the ultimate defeat of the dissidents of 1866 discourages imitation. The former Cave defeated the Reform Bill on Lord DUNKELIN's amendment, having already divided the House almost equally on Lord GROSVENOR's motion for giving precedence to the question of redistribution. The hope of a coalition between the moderate sections of both parties, under Lord STANLEY as Minister, was disappointed; and in the following Session Mr. DISRAELI threw over the party to which he owed his accession to office. At the next election several denizens of the Cave paid in the loss of their seats the price of their political honesty and courage. Mr. LOWE himself would have been excluded from Parliament if the constituency of the University of London had not been created as if for the

express purpose of providing an independent and unpopular politician with a seat.

A main disadvantage of party government consists in the arbitrary nature of the tests by which political loyalty is judged. The leaders of a Government or an Opposition can change their principles more easily than their adherents can disregard their personal connexions. The House of Commons of 1866 had been elected in the lifetime of Lord PALMERSTON, who, as it was well known, would never have allowed a Reform Bill to pass as long as he remained in office. The great majority of the Liberal party would have been well content with the prudent policy of the aged Minister; but Lord RUSSELL, who was his inevitable successor, had for some years past associated his ambition with a further change in the Constitution; and Mr. GLADSTONE was already understood to incline to democratic changes. The measure which was consequently introduced was comparatively moderate; but only the Radicals, who were then far less numerous than at present, heartily approved its provisions. Many of those who voted with the Ministers sympathized with the objects of the Cave, though not with its independent or mutinous organization. It was evident that ultimate success must depend on a coalition with the Conservatives, which would have been highly distasteful to the great body of Ministerial members. The heretics of the Cave were punished for their deviation from orthodox standards not only at the general election but in the later distribution of offices. When Mr. GLADSTONE formed his Government he excluded every inhabitant of the Cave with one remarkable exception. Mr. LOWE, if he had failed to prevent the degradation of the franchise, at least established the sound principle that, when a party includes in its ranks a man of great ability, it is judicious to give him office. There could be no better reason for allowing Mr. LOWE to hold a high Cabinet place in the Administration of 1868. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL is probably justified in his confidence that no second Mr. LOWE will disturb the harmony of the Liberal party during the discussion of the Franchise Bill.

An imminent contingency had not disturbed the confidence of one of the ablest official apologists of the Government. The House of Commons, if not an administrative body, supervises current policy with a vigilance which is sometimes keener than its interest in legislation. While it is doubtful whether a large portion of the assembly cares for the extension of the franchise, all its best members share the anxiety of their constituents for the national honour. Since the beginning of the Session, notwithstanding several episodes of secondary importance, the attention of Parliament and of the country has been almost exclusively concentrated on Egyptian affairs. The repeated refusal of Mr. GLADSTONE to gratify the general curiosity naturally increased the irritation which has been produced by the comparison of disastrous events with the records of Ministerial policy. When the PRIME MINISTER felt or professed surprise at a simultaneous reference to the defeat of BAKER PASHA and to what he called the wholly pacific mission of General GORDON, it became impossible to restrain universal impatience. Fantastic paradoxes sometimes cause amusement when they are introduced into theoretical discussions; but in moments of danger and difficulty they become wholly intolerable. As a consequence of the strange Ministerial tactics, an inchoate Cave began to form itself within forty-eight hours of the time when the ATTORNEY-GENERAL declared that it was impossible. On Monday it was said that certain Liberal members had signed a paper in which they insisted that the Government should openly avow the existence and assume the responsibility of a protectorate which had already been assumed in practice. The expediency and justice of the demand must be considered in connexion with the general question of Egyptian policy. For the present purpose it is only material to note the risks of internal division which happily limit the omnipotence of the strongest Ministry.

The security from internal schisms which pleased the fancy of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was, as has already been said, mainly founded on the solid strength and constant activity of the Liberal Associations. As long as the Government moves in the direction of democracy it is assured of the support of the organized partisans who are inaccessible to adverse reasoning. The Associations will accept the concessions which are expected from Mr. GLADSTONE, though they would prefer the more revolutionary measures which are threatened by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. In questions of foreign policy of which the managers know little, and for

which they care less, their course is determined either by the supposed bent of popular feeling or by calculations of the interests of the Government. It is not a little significant of the present state of public opinion that the Caucus has not ventured to issue a mandate in anticipation of the division on the Vote of Censure. It was therefore possible for dissatisfied Liberals to impose conditions on their support of Government, or at least on their cordial adhesion to a policy which has not hitherto secured their confidence. It is indeed not a little absurd that alternative schemes of international policy should be inseparably associated with party divisions which represent conflicting systems of domestic legislation. At different periods the Whigs and the Tories have several times changed places as the respective advocates of peace or war. It was by mere accident that Lord BEACONSFIELD, happening to be in office when the Eastern question was reopened, became the principal representative of the policy which had before his term of office been maintained by Lord PALMERSTON. The negotiations and wars in which his Ministry were engaged had nothing to do with Conservative or Liberal doctrines. At the time of the Berlin Treaty the Government had acquired great popularity by its conduct of affairs; but the dissatisfaction which was afterwards caused by untoward events in Asia and Africa transferred political power to the combined Liberals and Radicals.

It is unlikely that the dissatisfaction which has been caused by transactions in Egypt should at present dissolve the Liberal majority. The members who protest against the continuance of idle and mischievous fictions in Egyptian policy have for the most part no other ostensible cause of quarrel with the Government, nor will the lines of division on questions which are for the time urgent coincide with permanent tendencies to separation. A few extreme Radicals, such as Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, desire a summary abandonment of Egypt; but other members of the same political section are solicitous to defend the honour of the country, and even within the Cabinet it is said that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN inclines to a vigorous course of action. Perhaps a majority of the Liberal party, though it abstains from promoting a victory of the Opposition, may not have regretted the exposure of errors and miscalculations which have led to their natural results; but a coalition is still far distant, and there are not yet sufficient materials for the construction of a Cave. It will not be surprising if the discipline of the majority is temporarily strengthened by a partial and casual display of independence. Scrupulous members who decline to be parties to a national dereliction of duty will be eager to assure themselves and their constituents that their party allegiance is still unshaken. Nothing will be easier than to exhibit severe Liberal orthodoxy by voting for the Franchise Bill, for the postponement of the Redistribution Bill, and for the London Municipal Bill. By the end of the Session Egyptian difficulties, if they have not disappeared, may probably have changed their character. It is not equally certain that recent miscarriages may not affect the result of the next election. War is sometimes popular; but a timid shrinking from danger always causes feelings of resentment. In 1880 the contest was in a great measure decided by considerations of foreign policy. It is not for the interest of the present Government that such issues should be raised on the next appeal to the constituencies.

THE BRADLAUGH MUDDLE.

THE most probable comment of the plain man on the conduct of Mr. BRADLAUGH during the beginning of the present week is What does it mean? and it is not improbable that it only means Mr. BRADLAUGH's desire that the plain man should ask himself that very question. The late member for Northampton has not been flourishing lately, and even his usual ragged regiment of followers appear to have been conspicuously absent on Monday. The very significant letter which a Liberal M.P. recently addressed to him in a Liberal paper corresponded well enough to facts. There is no doubt that to many Liberals Mr. BRADLAUGH is simply what an impatient guide-book maker calls the stone at the entrance of Borrowdale, "a huge, vulgar nuisance." A new election and a new mandate seems to him probably the best way of recovering a little importance, if only by renewing the disturbance in

Parliament which after Monday he would have been unable to renew this Session. His own mysterious hints of a weapon which he is going to use with terrible effect need not receive much attention, for Mr. BRADLAUGH is very good at these mysterious hints, and nothing ever comes of them. Expert as he is at the clever, but rather useless, devices which suggest themselves to an amateur of ability in law, even Mr. BRADLAUGH can hardly hope to get his own conduct recorded or regarded as a precedent in his favour; while his acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, though it would not bar the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's action, deprives himself of all benefit from the very improbable result of that action being brought and failing. It is probable that he at first contemplated the course of action to which his conduct on Monday seemed naturally to lead—that of provoking legal proceedings and abiding their result—and then decided that this by itself was too tedious or too unexciting a course. Of that which he finally fixed upon, it can only be said that Northampton has another opportunity of recovering its rank among constituencies deserving respect. It is probable that the aspects of the matter which will decide the election are local rather than national, otherwise the Conservative candidate ought, despite the intimidation practised by Mr. BRADLAUGH's mob, to have a fairer chance than usual at the present moment. Mr. BRADLAUGH himself appears to have no extraordinary assistance, except a five-pound note sent by the Rev. Mr. REES of Somewhere. The ease with which the Rev. Mr. REES of this world and their five-pound notes are parted has been frequently remarked on by the ancients.

The Parliamentary incident itself was distinguished from others that have gone before it chiefly by the license of insult to religion and decency which the senior member for Northampton permitted himself, and by what must be regretfully called the weakness—a very unusual weakness—of the SPEAKER in preserving order. If a statutory ceremony, obligatory on members of Parliament, and held to be sacred by a great majority of them, may be described in the terms which Mr. LABOUCHERE used, it is a little difficult to comprehend how any merely verbal indecency can be a breach of order. It is still more difficult to comprehend Sir HENRY BRAND's ruling that Mr. LABOUCHERE, using these unbecoming words "on his own responsibility," was not to be interfered with. It is not known that any member, Irish or other, who has been rebuked or suspended for improper language during these last years, has ever been shown to have used the words complained of on any responsibility other than his own. There was perhaps some inconsistency in the series of confused divisions which followed; but the only important results, even before Mr. BRADLAUGH's application for the Chiltern Hundreds, were his exclusion and the hinted prosecution, and with the granting of the Chiltern Hundreds the former of these ceased to be of any importance. The House, it is to be feared, must be content, for reasons to be presently touched on, with keeping this brawler out of its precincts every time that a constituency is ill advised enough to return him. Much, no doubt, is to be said for the suspension of the Northampton writ. The offence of a constituency where some scores or hundreds of voters take glasses of beer or five-pound notes not to vote against political convictions which do not exist, but simply because the glasses of beer and the five-pound notes are pleasant things to have, is, in any philosophic estimate, venial as compared with the offence of a constituency which obstinately returns a person like Mr. BRADLAUGH. But the one is a legal offence and the other is not. Again, there is considerable reason for thinking that Mr. CHILDERS should not have complied with Mr. BRADLAUGH's application for the Chiltern Hundreds. But this again is a matter which it may be argued ought not in strictness to affect Mr. BRADLAUGH's rights or the rights of Northampton. In strictly abiding by the thoroughly reasonable, lawful, and constitutional course of conduct which it has hitherto pursued, and in simply excluding Mr. BRADLAUGH every time that he presents himself to take an oath which he cannot take, the House, at the cost of some trouble to itself, and at the risk of affording Mr. LABOUCHERE further opportunities of misbehaviour, is absolutely secure from all other inconvenient consequences. It is not easy to point out any other course in pursuing which it is equally secure.

There remains, however, as there generally has remained in this question, through all its phases, the singular, eccentric, and extraordinary conduct of the Government.

No reference is made by these words to Mr. GLADSTONE's remarkable, but now usual, proceeding of temporarily suspending himself *ab officio*, but by no means a *beneficio*, as first Minister of the Crown and leader of the House of Commons. That is now a familiar spectacle, and there is some justice in his own claim to be allowed to present it afresh as a mere matter of consistency. But Mr. BRADLAUGH seems born to be a stone of stumbling to the Government. In the original debate of Monday they were in vain solicited for a clear exposition of what they intended to do in the matter of Mr. BRADLAUGH's repeated and contumacious votes. But it certainly was then understood (Mr. GLADSTONE indeed has expressed himself on the subject in words which would have bound any other man except that no other man than himself would have been likely to use them in the circumstances) that a prosecution was to take place. This being so, the action of Mr. CHILDERS in conferring the Chiltern Hundreds on Mr. BRADLAUGH was at least peculiar. For either the Government thought that Mr. BRADLAUGH had brought himself within the penalties of the statute or that he had not. If he had, he had ceased to be a member of the House of Commons before his application. He had, therefore, no more right to the Chiltern Hundreds than the first man who happened to walk over Westminster Bridge that day. If, on the other hand, the Government had come to the conclusion that Mr. BRADLAUGH had not vacated the seat, it might at least have been supposed that a formal statement would have been made by a responsible Minister, that the change of the Government ideas from what had seemed to be their course would be announced, explained, and supported by argument, and that the House thus fortified and informed would be asked to give its decision on the issue of the writ. But neither of these courses would have comported with Mr. GLADSTONE's favourite ostrich-like attitude in reference to matters he does not like; and so probably the third course of doing nothing was adopted. Even here the singularity of the Government conduct did not cease. The remarkable reply of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to Mr. NEWDEGATE on Wednesday exhibited all Sir HENRY JAMES's ability in that department of law learning which consists in giving answers unintelligible, or nearly so, to the profane layman. But it seemed to suggest that the prosecution of Mr. BRADLAUGH, which Mr. GLADSTONE had seemed to speak of on Monday as certain, and which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had referred to on Tuesday as at any rate an argumentative probability, might never come off at all. Sir HENRY doubts gravely "how far the Cabinet can direct an Attorney-General against his discretion to sue for penalties." This is a very pretty constitutional question; but the raising of it is anything but consistent with the tone of the scanty remarks on the subject which the Cabinet, as distinguished from this nobly independent and discreet adviser of theirs, had previously given. It is odd that the second thoughts of Ministers always seem to tend to Mr. BRADLAUGH's advantage. But, perhaps, this portrait by an Attorney-General of an Attorney-General discreetly resisting the pressure of a persecuting Cabinet was only a fancy picture drawn to magnify the artist's office, and perhaps to make Mr. NEWDEGATE unhappy.

LIFE AND DEATH OF CETEWAYO.

THE death of CETEWAYO, though it may remove some embarrassment, ought to excite compunction in the minds of many official and non-official Englishmen. For the varied misfortunes of his later life he was but in a small degree responsible. It was not his fault that, born and bred a military despot, he sacrificed the welfare of his people to the effective organization of his army. He maintained evil customs which he inherited from his predecessors because he shared the superstitions and prejudices of his countrymen. When a civilized neighbour was seeking a cause of quarrel, the Zulu KING was accused of having broken certain promises which he was supposed to have made to the English agent on his accession to the throne. If he had been skilful in argument, he might have answered that he was crowned because he was already KING, and not in consideration of pledges which he perhaps scarcely understood. Like his ancestors, and, indeed, like some European sovereigns in former times, he took the property or the lives of subjects who had become obnoxious by reason either of large possessions or of suspected disloyalty. The process of

smelling out witchcraft would have commended itself to LOUIS XI. of France as a mode of dealing with turbulent nobles which would have been at the same time pious and profitable. English functionaries who were shocked by the compulsory celibacy of Zulu warriors could scarcely be ignorant that similar restrictions are practically imposed on millions of soldiers in European armies. A less capricious objection was raised to CETEWAYO's occasional declaration that it concerned his honour to celebrate his reign by washing his spears. In the course of some years he had never executed his threat; and there was at least an even chance that, like FREDERICK WILLIAM I. of Prussia, he would keep the peace through disinclination to spoil or deteriorate so perfect an instrument as his army.

If he had discharged his alleged duty by invading any neighbouring territory, there was every reason to believe that he would have attacked the Boers of the Transvaal rather than the English colonists. No intruders from Natal were in the habit of encroaching on his territory; while settlers from the Transvaal constantly passed the border of Zululand. The question of the title of the disputed lands was referred to the arbitration of the English High Commissioner, who ultimately gave his award in favour of CETEWAYO. Unfortunately in the meantime the government of the Transvaal had been assumed by a representative of the Crown, and, consequently, the chosen arbitrator had become a party to the litigation. The consequence was an act of flagrant injustice, for the High Commissioner, while he nominally confirmed the award, drew an arbitrary distinction between the sovereignty of the debatable territory and the actual possession of the land. The district was restored to CETEWAYO as a part of his kingdom, but the Boers were allowed to retain possession of the farms. As the Zulus wanted the lands, and not an empty title, CETEWAYO, with good reason, from that time ceased to entertain friendly feelings to the English authorities; yet he abstained from any act of hostility until his own dominions were invaded on the most frivolous pretexts. He was suddenly required to disband his army, to allow his young soldiers to marry; to discontinue the custom of smelling out witches; and to abandon other barbarous practices. Whether he could have retained his throne if he had complied with the peremptory demand, it is impossible to know. His disinclination to engage in a struggle with his imperious neighbour was shown by his moderation in returning no answer to the challenge. If he still thought it possible to negotiate, his hopes were disappointed. After a short delay the English troops crossed the Tugela, which formed the boundary between Natal and Zululand. Since greedy potentates first illustrated or suggested the fable of the wolf and the lamb, there has seldom been so causeless a declaration of war. It is true that the immediate result confirmed the estimate which had been formed of the formidable character of CETEWAYO's army. At Isandlana the Zulus, armed almost entirely with spears and javelins, stormed an English camp and destroyed the garrison. In the later battle of Ulundi they once more proved themselves to be among the bravest of mankind, though they were at last utterly defeated by regular troops armed with weapons of precision.

The KING became a fugitive, and when he was soon afterwards taken prisoner he seems to have forfeited the allegiance of his subjects. The tribe which had become under the dynasty of himself and his immediate ancestors the most powerful section of the widely-spread Kaffir nation, had been organized with Spartan asceticism rather as an army than as a State by DINGAAN, PANDA, and CETEWAYO himself. The loyalty which depended on military discipline was dissolved when the Zulu force was destroyed or scattered at Ulundi. No opposition was offered to the singular arrangement by which Sir GARNET WOLSELEY distributed the Zulu territory among thirteen petty chiefs, one of whom was of English birth. There was no trace of attachment to the fallen KING, or of desire for his return, and some of the members of his own family zealously deprecated a restoration. The ties of blood are generally lax among barbarous chieftains; and CETEWAYO himself had first made himself king by killing several of his brothers in battle and by deposing his father. Unfortunately for the peace of South Africa, and for CETEWAYO himself, some English philanthropists, in their feeling for personal wrongs, misjudged the interests of the Zulus, and began an agitation which has resulted in widespread anarchy and bloodshed.

It is easier for sentimental persons to sympathize with an ex-king than with an unknown multitude of his former subjects. Bishop COLENSO, who had long been regarded as a patron of native chiefs whom he deemed to have been unjustly treated, cordially espoused the cause of the Pretender. Deputations from Zululand visited the BISHOP's house in defiance of the protests of the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, and the reaction against the policy of the Zulu war had proceeded so far at home that the Secretary of State for the Colonies at last acceded to the request that the prisoner who had been detained at the Cape should be allowed to visit England. The next step was, as had been expected, a nominally conditional restoration. Lord KIMBERLEY had with some difficulty been persuaded by the urgent representations of Sir HENRY BULWER to recognize the title of a chief who was too powerful to be expelled to retain his dominions in the north; and a small territory bordering on Natal was reserved as a place of security for the other chiefs whose rights had been summarily disregarded. In London, and again at the Cape, CETEWAYO, while he accepted the terms proposed for his signature, plainly intimated his purpose of disregarding limitations which he considered unjust. He can scarcely be charged with a breach of faith because on his arrival in Zululand he took little notice of his formal engagements. He at once attempted to levy troops in the Reserve, with which he was not to meddle; and he attempted to reconquer the territory of USIBEPU, which he had undertaken to respect. If he had succeeded, his contumacy would probably have been condoned; but the fortune of war turned against him, and USIBEPU, in alliance with OHAM, a brother of CETEWAYO's, inflicted on the restored KING two or three successive defeats. From the Reserve in which he had been compelled to take refuge he organized another unsuccessful invasion of his enemy's territory, and consequently he subsided from the condition of a guest to that of a prisoner. A few days before his death he contrived to escape from the custody of his not unfriendly gaolers. It is possible that annoyance at his recapture may have been one of the causes of his death. He will be remembered for a time as a sufferer from the contest between civilization and barbarism, and also as a victim of special injustice. During his time almost every possible mistake has been committed by the English Government in its dealings with the Zulus.

Lord DERBY, who possesses a negative qualification for dealing with uncivilized tribes, inasmuch as he is not a sentimentalist, will now have one difficulty the less to encounter in settling the future condition of Zululand. A new, but not unexpected, complication has resulted from the recent troubles. The Boers of the Transvaal have taken the opportunity of internecine civil war to gratify their characteristic appetite for land. USIBEPU, OHAM, and perhaps CETEWAYO himself, have invited their assistance, and adventurous volunteers have rendered services which are of course to be rewarded by territorial grants. It may perhaps not be the business of the English Government to interfere with such transactions on the North-Western frontier; but it is not desirable to have the Boers for neighbours where their presence can be avoided. The first step ought to be the termination of internal war; and the most obvious mode of attaining the object would be the establishment in some form of a protectorate, such as that which is about to be instituted in Basutoland. There is a certain tendency to bloodguiltiness in a policy which allows barbarians who might be kept in order to kill one another without restraint. The Reserve, which, but for Lord KIMBERLEY's perverse policy, would have been double its present size, ought to be more directly governed by English functionaries. The Zulus are as manageable as they are brave, if only they are governed as in Natal with prudence and justice. Even the soldiers of CETEWAYO's former army probably prefer peace and freedom to rigorous discipline; but, if civil war is prolonged, the military caste will revive, and perhaps some warlike chief may succeed to the powers and pretensions of the former dynasty. The system of leaving neighbouring barbarians to settle their own affairs has not proved successful. In the great majority of cases, it is cheaper and easier to govern them than to repel their encroachments. The partial failure of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's experiment was probably due to the absence of a central authority. An English Resident might contrive to keep the peace, and to promote improvement with the aid of the chiefs, including perhaps USIBEPU.

CORRECTING FORTUNE.

"I DON'T believe there is a single offence that I have not committed," said an undergraduate once, as he awed a whole wine party with examples of his knowledge of life. There was a respectful silence; then a small voice asked, "Did you ever cheat at cards?" With shame and blushes the *fanfaron* of vice came down from his bad eminence, and owned that he had never cheated at cards. This is, indeed, the very lowest depth to which civilized man can descend, and he seems at present to reach the abyss pretty often. No one can defend a man who has cheated at cards; the only estimable person who ever did so was the Chevalier DES GRIEUX, and he had the one constant excuse for his conduct admitted by all admirers of *Manon Lescaut*. The case of the Chevalier must be placed on one side in that world of random morality to which CHARLES LAMB good-humouredly consigned the comedies of the Restoration. No, a man may do many shady things; his accounts may be difficult to unravel; he may decline to fight a duel in a foreign country; he may find that urgent private business calls him to Europe when his regiment is in the Soudan or Nova Zembla, and people will make excuses for him. But he really must not cheat at cards.

As the whole world seems in a gamblesome humour, while clerks play napoleon in railway-carriages, and Park Clubs explode in every direction, it may be as well to point out that gambling has two inevitable ends—men don't pay, and men take to cheating. The former disaster always occurs as soon as "paper" is admitted as a legal tender over the green baize. When I.O.U.'s accumulate sport decays, firm friends quarrel, and a club or a loo-playing set at college breaks up in confusion. Some of the members become suddenly scrupulous, and explain to their unconverted companions in iniquity that they think it wrong to waste money in the payment of obligations which it was sinful to incur. This kind of thing is not pleasant, but it is less unpleasant than the habit of correcting fortune. The pigeons of this world are not unsoiled doves; but the pigeons are better than the rooks, into which, by a familiar process of ornithological differentiation, unknown to DARWIN, they are apt to develop.

A very fine rookery has just been discovered, according to the newspapers, in a Parisian club in the Rue Royale. Most French clubs exist merely for the purpose of gambling. Their sacred hearth is the long green baccarat-table, with that pit in the middle which has so often proved "a nice opening for a young man." From dusk till dinner-time, from dinner-time to dawn, bankers are giving cards, or performing the act of *abatage* (unexplained by LITTRÉ), while the ghost of *Banco* perpetually walks. At the club in the Rue Royale the game of *quinze* (which we regret to say that we are practically unacquainted with) seems to be more popular than baccarat. While the sport of *quinze* was in full swing one of the players thought he saw, or felt, something odd in the cards. Apparently the point of the game is to make fifteen, as the object in baccarat is to make nine, or nearly nine. This inquisitive player continuing his researches found by a "comparison of instances" worthy of BACON that the court cards and fives were marked. This could scarcely be regarded as fortuitous, but rather showed clear proofs of design. The court cards had been pricked at the corners, the fives at the corner and in the centre, with a needle dipped in a solution of gum arabic. Now in clubs of this kind the cards are usually supplied by one of the servants, who is also a sort of banker to the establishment. For the convenience of players he changes bank-notes or paper into counters of a recognized value, and these counters are redeemed at the end of the play. The card-room servant has also been known to cash cheques, and perhaps to lend money to the *décaisés*. Thus the functionary gets an unhealthy sort of importance, and has opportunities which he appears to have abused at the club in the Rue Royale. In the great club scandal at Nice some years ago, when an Englishman of good family was found out in cheating, his system was, we believe, to deal with carefully-arranged packs procured from one of the club servants. The ordinary processes of cutting and shuffling had no effect on those packs, "with which," as the Henwife says to the Queen in the Irish tale of *The Black Thief*, "I do not think you can lose." Now, at the club in the Rue Royale a number of packs of cards and some 4,000*l.* worth of securities "payable to bearer" were found under the bed of a servant. Here is a plot ready made for M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY. The club servant is doubtless a profligate Marquis in a

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"make-up" he has introduced into the club (while he was still a member of it) the chief of a band of brigands who wins with the marked cards furnished by the Marquis. Can any scene be finer than that in which the hero unmasks and pulls the powdered wig or the whiskers off the "made-up" footman, proving that he is "no waiter but" the long lost Marquis DE KERIGHAN "in disguise." The question is whether it would be necessary for the hero afterwards to fight the Marquis, in whose veins runs some of the bluest blood in Brittany.

Perhaps matters have not been quite so romantic in real history, but it remains certain that, if there was a felonious servant, there must also have been a felonious accomplice, actually a member of the Club. In one of M. CHAVETTE's tales, the cheating is done by a hero who has such enormous hands that no one can see what is going on behind them. Yet even he has a confederate, and a confederate is necessary, we think, to any gentleman who wishes to correct fortune. He may, or may not, be a servant or disguised as a servant. "Having a remarkably fine eyesight and 'a great natural aptitude,'" says Mr. BARRY LYNDON, "I was speedily able to give my dear uncle much assistance against his opponents at the green table." Mr. LYNDON goes on to observe, and members of the club in the Rue Royale should note his noble indignation, "It is only the clumsy fool who *cheats*, who resorts to the vulgar 'expedients of cogged dice and cut cards,' or tattooed cards, we may add. It is not so very hard to detect a card which is only 'correct' in an immoral sense. 'Such a man,' adds BARRY, 'is sure to go wrong some time or other.' So is the person who, playing without a confederate, stuffs his sleeve after the manner of the Heathen Chinee. 'Everything successful is simple. If I wiped the dust off a chair, it was to show that the enemy was strong 'in diamonds; if I pushed it, he had one king; if I said 'Punch or wine, my lord!' hearts was meant; if I said 'Wine or punch!' clubs." It was only from hearing FRANK PUNTER yawn thrice when the Chevalier held the ace of trumps that Mr. LYNDON knew Greek had met Greek when Lord DEUCEACE encountered DE BALIBARI.

Without a confederate the now fashionable game of baccarat does not seem to offer many chances for the Greek. He may carry nines concealed about his person, but this sort of cheating requires very great skill in sleight of hand. Only a "sneak thief," as the Americans say, would sink so very low as to put his stake half on and half off the table, and withdraw it when he lost.

The plan of dealing over a large, highly-polished, silver cigar-case is good, but old. Of course the cigar-case shows the dealer in its burnished surface what cards he is giving the players, and he knows better whether to stand on his own hand or not. According to a competent authority, while there is no game at which one may not be cheated, at *écarté* one may be cheated in from fifteen to twenty different ways. One gallant gambler played against a Greek, and his friends warned him that he was being duped. He answered in a loud voice, "Monsieur triche! mais je le sais bien que monsieur triche! Seulement il est venu que chaque fois que je le prendrai, je marquerai 'un point!'" This was, indeed, a sportsmanlike handicap, and argued a great love of the game in the player, and a cynical indifference to the character of an antagonist. The tale of the old General in a country town is also good, though rather well known. This veteran cheated habitually and execrably. It was thought "good form" to take no notice of his exploits; but one day a small civilian, a stranger to the club, observed, "Why, General, you are cheating!" "Yes, sir," said the General, who stammered dreadfully; "yes, sir, I know very well I'm cheating; but I d-d-d-don't like to be t-t-t-told it"—a remark to which there is no very obvious repartee. A splendid failure to cheat was that of the French Greek. No one had suspected him; he usually won some fifty louis every time he took the bank; and on one occasion he left the theatre at Nice in the middle of a play and went on to the club. There he took the bank, won on an eight, and on a nine. Then he offered to "give cards"; his opponent accepted, and the banker laid down a card marked

THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS DE NICE.

It was the ticket of readmission in case he had wanted to go back to the play. Obviously this could not have formed part of a normal pack, and as obviously the banker had taken it out of his pocket by mistake. On the whole,

the moral of cheating at cards is that expressed by Mr. BARRY LYNDON:—"Such a man is sure to go wrong some 'time or other; and my advice to people who see such a 'vulgar person at his pranks is, of course, to back him 'while he plays, but never, never to have anything to do 'with him.'"

THE ARMY AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

MONDAY night's sitting in the House of Lords began with a brief conversation which suggests some matter for reflection at the present crisis. The subject was the state of the army, which deserves more practical attention than it gets at all times, and is of vital importance at this moment. Like most other people, the Earl of GALLOWAY had been a good deal surprised by Lord WOLSELEY's breezy confidence, as shown in that remarkable speech to the Artists corps, and he asked for information—or rather he asked for some explanation of the ADJUTANT-GENERAL's sources of information. The answer was most instructive. It seems that when Lord WOLSELEY startled his hearers by stating that the army returns proved so many pleasant things, he "inadvertently" forgot to add that they were a year old. The British army, which contains within its ranks fifty-eight per cent. of men over five feet seven inches high, for instance, was not the army that we know, but the force of 1882. In other words, it was the reserves and the old regiments of General ROBERTS's army which made the average such as it was. The question of dates is of no small importance in dealing with the state of our army. A year makes a considerable difference when we are losing seasoned men by thousands, and replacing them by a mob of recruits five feet two inches high and thirty two inches round the chest. The Earl of GALLOWAY commented with by no means undue severity on the "inadvertence" of a General holding a high post in the War Office who uses figures in this fashion. Lord WOLSELEY's discretion was indeed at fault in a sufficiently remarkable way. He took care to supply himself with the figures because he sagaciously foresaw that they would be needed. He paraded them with some solemnity. He insisted on their importance, and he only forgot to say that they proved nothing to the point. When a high Government official supports his assertions by statistics, we fondly imagine that he is giving us the benefit of his particular information, and not merely drawing on sources open to everybody, unless he says so. Lord WOLSELEY is too good a soldier to damage his chance of securing a good position, even for temporary purposes, by letting his opponents into the secret of his manoeuvres, and so he, of course inadvertently, used the neat little stratagem animadverted on by the Earl of GALLOWAY, and revealed by Lord MORLEY. How surprised the *Times* must have been to learn that its little crow of triumph was supported by nothing better than the carefully prepared blue pamphlet we all had the pleasure of reading last year! The intellectual suppleness of the scientific soldier is truly great. There is to be sure nothing new in Lord WOLSELEY's little slip. By some law of nature not as yet investigated by science, official persons are terribly liable to commit these oversights when giving us information about the army.

It is, indeed, a wonderful proof of the irrepressible hopefulness of politicians that any body can be persuaded to undertake the care of that undoubted white elephant. The disappointments of the Admiralty are neither few nor trivial; but it is rewarded with a certain amount of success. Ships and crews can be relied on to answer modest expectations, but no man can tell what will be the state of the army a week ahead. A few days ago the War Office was talking about holding autumn manoeuvres once more, and was apparently looking forward to a year of quiet drift. It calculated on showing again how it can leave the Guards dinnerless within a few miles of Salisbury, or in some other distant and barren region. While all these fancies are in full bloom comes the nipping frost of a call for actual service, and we see how very fit the army is for the work it is always liable to be called on to do. The papers are full of makeshifts and rumours of makeshifts. A force of a few thousand men is to be sent to Suakim at the eleventh hour, and to get it together there is such a turmoil as took place in the United States when McDowell's army was getting ready to enter Northern Virginia. Before we can get at OSMAN DIGMA there is to be a complete change round. The Cairo garrison is to be hurried to Suakim, and to be replaced by the regiments at Alexandria, which again is to be occupied by the blue

jackets of the Mediterranean squadron. The sailors must do the work, for the ships have been stripped of Marines to reinforce General GRAHAM's army on the Red Sea. Our recent experience of the results of setting everybody to do somebody else's work has plainly taught the Government nothing. It would be equally foolish and impertinent to compare the seamen of our squadrons to the poor wretches sent by the cruel pedantry of Mr. GLADSTONE to die on the road to Sinkat, but garrison duty on shore can assuredly do their discipline no good. Meanwhile their ships will be as useless for naval purposes as if they were laid up at Chatham, and the Channel Squadron will probably have to take their place in the Mediterranean. It also is to be stripped of its Marines. The Egyptian army under Sir EVELYN WOOD probably deserves to be considered useless. It is no reproach to its European officers that they are not believed to have made an efficient force out of a race which cannot fight, but though that is a very sufficient reason for leaving them at home, it is a still better one for not wasting any more English officers on them. More are to be sent, however, and that of the very kind we can least spare. The most spirited non-commissioned officers at Aldershot are being tempted to volunteer for Egypt, as if our own regiments were not in manifest and increasing need of their services.

The most notable feature of the whole muddle is the treatment of the Marines. It is undoubtedly right that they should be used, and it is in the highest degree satisfactory that we have at least one military force which is at all times fit for service. In all our little wars of late years—ever since the intelligent reformer went crazy over the German army, in fact—we have used the force continually, and with excellent results. Nobody has anything to say against making use of them again. There are, however, ways and ways of doing the best of things, and it may be roundly asserted that the War Office takes the worst in its dealings with the Marines. It is no small abuse that the men of the force should be suddenly called away from active service on board ship. To land Marines for a definite operation is one thing. To send them away for weeks is altogether another, for it entails leaving a whole squadron insufficiently manned. If we asked why the whole battalion formed to serve under General GRAHAM was not sent from home, the answer would doubtless be that they could not be spared. The force has been so seriously reduced of late years that it is just adequate to the ordinary calls of the service and no more. But this is only one detail of the whole policy of the War Office towards the corps. The Marines have only been allowed to exist, as it were, on sufferance for years. Its officers have been deliberately treated as if the authorities wished to discourage any one from entering the force. They have very hard and very various work to do both on sea and land, but all the prizes and honours of the military profession are denied them. At this moment the Ministry is giving an extraordinary proof of its partiality. A body of Marines is being collected in hot haste to make up General GRAHAM's force, and a colonel of that arm is being sent out to command them. Colonel TUSON led the battalion of Marines which distinguished itself so highly in the last Egyptian campaign; but it appears that he is not thought worthy of acting as a general officer, and Colonel REDVERS BULLER is sent from England to act as second in command to General GRAHAM. It is not easy to see why a second in command, whom the Duke of WELLINGTON thought a superfluity at all times, is wanted in a force of some four thousand men; but, if an officer had to be named to the post, it might, it would seem, have been found in the commander of that part of the little army which we are learning to rely on more and more. Indeed, the commands at Suakim are all being distributed on what appears at least a curious principle. There are five general officers with the seven thousand men in garrison in Egypt. Nearly half that force is detailed on service, but the five generals are left behind, while two officers are hurriedly despatched from England. If the field officers in Egypt are incompetent, why are they employed? If they are, as we must suppose, capable officers, why are they passed over when a chance of gaining distinction presents itself? The answer is not difficult to find. General GRAHAM and Colonel BULLER have been already associated with Lord WOLSELEY, and it is to that fact rather than to their acknowledged abilities that they owe their present employment.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

WHEN Mr. LABOUCHERE announced in the House of Commons the other day his intention of bringing in a Bill extending the provisions of the Cruelty to Animals Prevention Acts to bears, there were some who laughed. The joke was not obvious. But the necessity for the legislation was. Only a few days before a police magistrate had been compelled to dismiss a charge of savage cruelty to bears on the ground that they did not come within the terms of the Act of 1849. They were not domestic, said Mr. HANNAY, and that statute only applied to domestic animals. We are aware that the truth of the evidence for the prosecution is challenged, and we have no intention of expressing or implying any opinion upon the facts. Whether they were as alleged, or something quite different, is not a question which affects the argument. For the purposes of the decision it was of course assumed that the ill-treatment of the bears was made out, and the conclusion unfortunately is that, so far as the law goes, they may be ill-treated with impunity. Of course this serious omission does not affect bears only. It concerns all animals of a wild nature, whether they have been actually domesticated or not. We need not enter into any elaborate contention that this is an unsatisfactory state of things. Every humane and sensible man must admit at once that it is so, and that the only doubtful point is what would be the best practical remedy. It is not difficult to see why Parliament excluded wild animals from the security afforded by the fear of punishment. For hunting and partridge-shooting might otherwise have been made illegal, and the bitterest enemy of those amusements would probably agree that they are matter for separate and independent consideration. Historical explanation is not, however, as a good many people seem tacitly to assume, the same thing as logical justification. To account for a thing is not to defend it; and, whatever the cause may be, there is a serious defect in the law. Mr. LABOUCHERE's Bill, which has been introduced, and which is backed by Mr. COLERIDGE KENNARD and Mr. O'SHEA, goes a long way, if not the whole way, to supply what is required. It provides that "the word 'animal' in the existing Acts shall 'mean and include 'every animal, whether of domestic or wild nature, excepted for purposes of gain.' Whether this system of piecemeal legislation is theoretically sound or practically convenient may perhaps be doubted. But it is, if ever, justifiable in circumstances like these, where an immediate cure is wanted for a definite complaint. Mr. LABOUCHERE's Bill, which we rather hope than expect may be passed without unnecessary delay, would certainly be beneficial, if not, as it stands, completely adequate. The words "excepted for purposes of gain" would exclude acts of wanton cruelty perpetrated on what may be called, in the technical sense, "pet" bears, or monkeys, or other creatures of a wild nature; and in this connexion a suggestion in the *Globe* of Thursday last seems very well worth attention.

It will perhaps be easier to pass than to enforce Mr. LABOUCHERE's Bill. The amount of barbarity practised on wild creatures in travelling shows, or stationary menageries, or circuses, and on beasts who are required to "perform," is, no doubt, much exaggerated. The best trainers are the least severe in their methods, partly, no doubt, from self-interest, but partly also because, as a rule, only stupid people are cruel. Lions who have been tormented are not insensible to the pleasures of revenge. "They bear malice just like Christians," as the groom said of horses, and the consequences are unpleasant to the tormentor. Gentler beasts are still more easy to manage by the kindness and patience through which RAREY succeeded in breaking the most intractable steeds. But amendment of the law is required because these plain truths are not unfrequently neglected. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may be invited to turn its attention to the Zoological Gardens, and to the conduct of some visitors to that resort. It is a fact, which cannot be too widely known, that some people go to the Gardens with the deliberate purpose of inflicting pain. They poke the animals with pins fastened into the end of sticks. They tempt monkeys to beg, and then put red-hot fuses into the poor creatures' hands. To comment on these barbarities would weaken the effect which must be produced by simply stating them. The keepers no doubt do their best to protect the animals under their care from annoyance. But nevertheless, as we have said, sticks with pins in them and red-hot fuses are introduced and employed by persons whose

superabundant energies might more harmlessly and most appropriately be dissipated on the treadmill. At present they cannot be punished, taking possibility in its legal sense. If these things are done in Regent's Park, what may not be done in obscure corners of the country, or even in suburban places of amusement? It is a curious fact that a recent interference of the Legislature on behalf of animals has made the law more ridiculous, if not more monstrous, than it was before. The Vivisection Act, as is well known, prohibits, except under the most stringent conditions, experiments upon live animals for scientific purposes. Not very long ago a prosecution was instituted under that Act at Bow Street. Had the defendants chosen to say that what they did was done, not in the interests of research, but in the way of amusement, they must have been at once discharged. They were men of science, and of course they said nothing of the kind. Indeed, we ought to apologize for supposing such a thing even by way of illustration. But the law which makes such an hypothesis legitimate is an absurd one. It is high time, indeed, that all distinction between animals of a domestic nature and animals of a wild nature, which have as a matter of fact been tamed, should be swept away. There are still animals which, not being specially protected by statute, may be stolen with impunity from their owner, because the common law recognizes no property in them. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Bill does not of course go beyond the particular sphere of punishing cruelty. More general legislation may perhaps stand over till the day when the whole of English law is codified. Parliament will do well to pass this unpretending little Bill without trying either to enlarge or to restrict it. There are plenty of honest zealots in the House of Commons who are glad to seize every opportunity of attacking and protesting against field sports. But they should reflect that, if they seek to amend the Bill in this direction, they will go far to ensure its failure, and thus miss an object which they in common with the general public desire.

Mr. ANDERSON has again brought in his Bill for the suppression of pigeon-shooting. We wish him every success. His measure, after he had abandoned some clauses which would have affected the sacred rite of stag-hunting, passed the House of Commons last Session by a large majority. It was, however, thrown out in the House of Lords, though, with the exception of Lord REDFORD, every distinguished peer who took part in the division voted with the Contents. This year its operation is restricted to shooting birds liberated from traps or from the hand. There is no use in mincing words about pigeon-shooting. It is a cruel, unmanly, and degrading pastime. The better class of sportsmen detest it, and are prepared to vote for putting it down. People who live in the neighbourhood of Hurlingham and the Gun Clubs know that it is a nuisance to respectable people as well as a barbarous pursuit. The wounded birds who flutter away to perish miserably in gardens or on housetops are at once a proof of the latter and an illustration of the former. Such is pigeon-shooting at its best. At its worst it will hardly bear describing. The methods by which the pigeons are prevented from sitting, and made to fly in one direction rather than another, are too shocking to mention unnecessarily. These abuses are no doubt punishable under the existing law, for pigeons are domestic animals. But there is no compensating advantage in the so-called sport at which Mr. ANDERSON'S Bill is aimed which excuses its recognition in spite of incidental outrages. The whole thing is abominable. It does not brace the nerves by involving the smallest risk. It does not promote health, like sports which include riding or walking in the open air. These are not, of course, in themselves reasons why the Legislature should interfere with it. If people prefer unhealthy amusements, that is their own affair. We are no believers in the revived doctrine which many Radicals tacitly or openly profess, that the majority ought to prevent the minority from doing anything which the majority considers to be wrong. Pigeon-shooting ought to be prohibited, not because it gives pleasure to the marksmen, but because it gives pain to the pigeons. But, when it is urged that this pain is an evil which ought to be tolerated on account of the social benefits which accrue from it, then the points which we have urged may legitimately be pressed in rejoinder. "If," said an opponent of the Bill last year, referring to Mr. ANDERSON, "if the 'honourable member were a blue-rock, would he rather run the risk of being shot in a fair way or not come into existence at all?' We leave this conundrum to the

acumen of the Irish party, from whom it ought to have come, though it did not. It was the effort of a Scotch imagination, and is a fair sample of the arguments in favour of pigeon-shooting.

FRANCE, ITALY, AND THE VATICAN.

THE POPE has a fresh grievance. The Italian Government, which for many years has freely appropriated or sold property once belonging to the Church, has now attacked the Propaganda. This institution, founded by GREGORY XV. more than two centuries and a half ago, is, as is well known, the centre of the missionary enterprises of the Roman Church. The broad block of buildings which is its seat, and which stands at the southern end of the Piazza di Spagna, is familiar to every visitor to Rome. The annual income of the college, which flows in from every part of the world, is said to amount on the average to some five or six million francs a year. But besides these annual contributions, the extent of which naturally varies with the zeal and the means of the faithful, the Propaganda is possessed of a large amount of real property; and this property, said to be nearly a million and a half sterling in value, has been to a large extent bought with money furnished from abroad. The faithful Catholic has always maintained that the Papacy is an international Power, and that the past action of the Italian Government in treating the Pope as no more than any other Italian Prince is *de jure* null and void. The present action of the Government does not, therefore, raise any new question of principle. It simply illustrates afresh the principle, which Italian statesmen have long maintained, that Rome and the Roman State are as much Italian ground as Naples or Milan. Acting on a decision of the law courts, the Government is now proceeding to seize the landed property of the Propaganda, and to give the College Consols in exchange. But the conditions of the transfer are such that, what with one new tax or another imposed upon the property, its value in Consols is much less than half of what it was as real estate.

It is not unnatural that a measure of this kind should excite the keen resentment of the Vatican; and it is not unnatural that the most should be made of the fact that the confiscated property should have largely, and perhaps mainly, been due to the liberality of non-Italian Catholics. It is said that the Vatican has made representations on the subject to the French and other Governments; and it is also said, with less probability, that the French Government is inclined to take steps in favour of the Propaganda. It is hard, however, to see on what grounds the action of the Italian Government can be fairly challenged by any foreign Power. Whatever sums of money individuals scattered over the Catholic world may have sent to the Pope are subject, in case of dispute, like sums of money sent to any other individual in the kingdom, to the jurisdiction of the local courts of law. Apart from this general fact, there is a special reason why foreign contributors to the support of the Church in Italy have no claim whatever to be insured against risk. The secularization of monasteries and the sale of ecclesiastical goods have proved over and over again by how uncertain a tenure the Church held its corporate property; and no living donor of ordinary intelligence can have been unaware that his gift might share the fate of many others. By far the largest part of the ecclesiastical property already confiscated by the Italian Government (to say nothing of prior confiscations under the old *régime*) has been derived, directly or indirectly, from foreign sources. It is absurd to suppose that Italians are likely to show any special tenderness towards those foreigners who support by their gifts what for centuries was the chief, and what is now the only, enemy of Italian unity. It is the more absurd when we remember that for years the Italian Government has offered to the Pope an annual income, which has been steadily declined, of more than three hundred thousand pounds. A Government which guarantees to the Pope a sum like this, which does not hinder him from receiving whatever further gifts his widespread body of adherents may wish to send him, which leaves him in possession of the noblest palace in the world, and which secures to him the free exercise of his spiritual functions, cannot reasonably be charged with abusing its power. It is enough to compare the position of the Clericals under a Liberal Government now with that of the Liberals under a Clerical Government twenty years ago. If

one-tenth of what is now freely said and printed against the Government by the Clerical party, from the POPE downwards, had been then said or printed by any Liberal, he would have had summarily to choose between prison and exile. At present, whatever the POPE may say, the Italian Government takes no notice of his utterances, and continues to offer him its money and to confer on him its protection.

The present relations between the Papacy and the Government of France are curious. For several years after the close of the Franco-German War the Vatican had cherished the hope that the temporal power, the fall of which was hastened by the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome in the summer of 1870, might be restored in consequence of a monarchical restoration in France. Even when the events of the autumn of 1873 showed that such a restoration was impossible, the French Government still maintained an attitude friendly to the Vatican and suspicious, if not hostile, to the Government of Italy. For a considerable time a French ship of war was kept at Civita Vecchia, as an advertisement that, if the Pope desired to leave Rome, he could find a welcome and a shelter under the flag of France. There is not the least doubt that the restoration of the BOURBONS in the autumn of the year 1873 would have had, as one of its consequences, a religious war between France and Italy. Nor was it till the resignation of Marshal MACMAHON that the Clerical party ceased to hope that the question of the temporal power might serve to embroil the two countries. It must be remembered that the interest taken by Frenchmen in this question was by no means confined to zealous Catholics. Multitudes in France who never went inside a church from one year's end to another felt their national vanity flattered by the thought that the Pope had long lived in his own capital under the protection of French bayonets. It is notorious that the expedition to Rome in the year 1849 was due only in part to the desire to win over the Clerical vote. France destroyed the sister Republic mainly because, if she had not done so, Austria would have taken her place. The northern part of the Papal States was already occupied by Austrian troops when the French forces moved on Rome; and in the course of a few weeks, had France remained inactive, the influence which she coveted in the Catholic world as protector of the Church would have passed into other hands. Even now the feelings which prompted the Roman expedition are by no means extinct in France, though the opportunity of satisfying them has long gone by. It is said that the Nuncio in Paris has requested the Government of France to remonstrate with that of Italy on the recent confiscation of the property of the Propaganda, a part of which has been the gift of Frenchmen. It is improbable that M. FERRY's Ministry will do anything of the kind; and it is certain that, if such a remonstrance were made, the French Government would be politely told to mind its own business.

THE NEW BISHOPS.

THE announcement last Wednesday of the appointments to the See of Chester and the new diocese of Southwell will probably be received with very general satisfaction. One at all events is conspicuously suitable, and there is nothing to be said against the other. It is only fair to admit that Mr. GLADSTONE, whatever may be the strength of his party bias in other matters, has usually shown a creditable disregard for such considerations in his ecclesiastical patronage. Both the new bishops designate are, we believe, Conservatives. Both may, roughly speaking, be called moderate High Churchmen, but with a difference. Dr. STUBBS, if any one, has a right to claim membership in the "Historical High Church Party," for his Churchmanship is moulded on a large and accurate knowledge of English ecclesiastical history and law in which he has few or no living rivals. The long list of works he has composed or edited need not be reprinted here; is it not written in CROCKFORD? To the general public he is of course best known by his *Constitutional History of England*, and latterly by what is acknowledged on all hands, even by those who least approve the practical suggestions of the Commissioners, to be his masterly handling of the historical portion of the Report on Church Courts. But his *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum*, his editions of MOSHEIM's *Church History*, WILKINS's *Concilia*, and many other kindred works constitute a most valuable contribution to a subject which is

in these days acquiring or rather regaining a high interest and importance. It might indeed from one point of view be regretted, as in the somewhat similar case of the election of Dr. LIGHTFOOT—his predecessor in his canonry at St. Paul's—to the See of Durham, that he should be raised to a position where he must necessarily have much less time for the prosecution of studies for which he has shown so remarkable an aptitude. And it is certainly to be regretted that Dr. LIGHTFOOT's elevation, though he makes an excellent bishop, should not even have left him time to republish in a permanent form the admirable series of papers he wrote shortly before in the *Contemporary Review* in reply to *Supernatural Religion*. But Dr. STUBBS is as far as Bishop LIGHTFOOT from being a mere bookworm, and it may be hoped that in the See of Chester, now reduced by the separation of Liverpool to more reasonable dimensions, he may find scope for his practical energies without the necessity of abandoning all literary work. The Bishop of LINCOLN has shown, though in a somewhat different department of literature, that the two may quite possibly be combined. Dr. STUBBS is a man who made his mark early, and under serious difficulties, and has always more than held his own in the position he had once acquired. He had hardly taken his degree, graduating in double honours, when he was elected to an open fellowship at Trinity, and he not long afterwards took a Trinity living. Since that time his advance both in reputation and preferment justly earned has been steady and continuous. He will vacate by his elevation to the See of Chester two important posts, a canonry of St. Paul's and the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, which it falls to the Government to fill up. And recent experience has taught us to look for a high standard of excellence in both. It will soon indeed come to be thought that Canons of St. Paul's hold a high place among the *episcopabili*, if such a coinage may be allowed, members of the Chapter.

Of Dr. RIDDING much less is known to the general public, but what is known is mainly in his favour. It cannot be said that he came quite satisfactorily out of the "tunding" affair at Winchester some years ago, and he certainly did not meet the crisis with the outspoken fearlessness and decision exhibited by the present Dean of LLANDAFF, when a similar attack was made on an earlier occasion on the monitorial system at Harrow, then under his wise and efficient rule. But Dr. RIDDING's administration of the oldest of our public schools has on the whole been a successful one. We are entirely unable indeed to agree with the *Times* that "men who have succeeded as schoolmasters have rarely failed as bishops"; and "the fact that two successive Archbishops of Canterbury have been men whose qualities were proved in the administration of great public schools" would in any case be an inadequate, and is for reasons to be stated presently an irrelevant, allegation in evidence of it, for we presume the reference is to Archbishop LONGLEY and Archbishop TAIT, as it would be obviously premature to formulate a verdict on a primacy only just begun. The cases have not been rare but frequent in the past—though it would be invidious to name examples here—of schoolmaster prelates whose pastoral staff has borne too visible a resemblance to a ferule not to suggest the incongruous idea of a mitred BUSBY or KEATE; nor are the "qualities proved" in a successful headmastership by any means identical or coextensive with those required for a successful episcopate. "An accurate knowledge of the middle voice," for instance, as SYDNEY SMITH long ago pointed out, is not only not the one thing needful—it is not that in either case—but is hardly needful at all in a bishop, though a far from undesirable accomplishment. And there are some qualities useful or necessary in the one office which are, as far as they go, an actual disqualification for the other. To take the example suggested by the *Times*, the *mitis sapientia* which marked Dr. LONGLEY's primacy, and which made him through life beloved by all who knew him, was far too mild for the successful control of those unruly members who have always to be reckoned with in a large public school, and who more than once got the upper hand during his brief and somewhat turbulent reign at Harrow. The "qualities" which were found acceptable at Lambeth were precisely those which had not been proved—except in the sense of being proved inefficacious—in his magisterial career. And it would not be difficult, though it would obviously not be proper here, to name more than one meritorious headmaster or ex-headmaster of our own day whom no judicious adviser would recommend to HER

MAJESTY for the bench. On the other hand, one very eminent and excellent member of the present episcopate was not altogether successful, though his shortcomings have been often unfairly exaggerated, in his magisterial capacity. But we do not at all mean to imply that a headmaster may not make a very good bishop, or that he may not have exhibited qualities in the one sphere—for instance an organizing capacity—which afford reasonable presumption of success in the other. And we know no cause why the anticipation should not be verified in Dr. RIDDING's case. It may be added that in the formation of a new diocese constructive and administrative capacity is especially required. Dr. RIDDING is an excellent scholar—he gained a first class, the Craven Scholarship, and the Latin Essay at Oxford—but we are not aware that he possesses anything of that historical and ecclesiastical lore on which Dr. STUBBS has laid so strong a grasp. This, however, will not be specially needed for the consolidation of the new diocese of Southwell. It is not the special forte of the present Primate, also an ex-headmaster, who succeeded admirably in a similar work at Truro. Old Wykehamists will probably feel less anxiety as to the fitness of their chief for the sphere of labour he is about to enter upon than as to the appointment, now lodged for the first time in the hands of a reconstructed governing body, of his successor in the most ancient of the scholastic thrones in England. And even those who are not Wykehamists may be permitted to share the hope that a post so dignified at once and so important will not be less worthily occupied than under the former régime. It says something for the discretion of the superseded Warden and Fellows that their choice of a headmaster should twice running have received what may be called an independent ratification by his promotion to the bench, and that in a day when the old sneer can no longer be repeated, that to have edited a Greek play or been tutor to a nobleman was sufficient qualification for a mitre.

Dr. RIDDING will pass from beneath the shadow of one of the largest and grandest to one of the smallest of English cathedrals; Dr. STUBBS from the newest, as an edifice, to one of the most venerable, though it has only enjoyed its dignity as a cathedral for three centuries, having been before the Reformation a Benedictine Abbey. The Collegiate Church of Southwell, now for the first time to become the *cathedra* of a bishop, was plundered, like so many others, by that zealous Church reformer, HENRY VIII., but MARY restored a part of the stolen property, which it still retains. What means this may provide for the endowment of a Chapter we are unable to say, but it may be hoped that the new Bishop will see his way to securing somehow so desirable, if not essential, an adjunct to his episcopal throne. In the days, still well within living memory, when it was customary to say that "the Church of England was 'dying of dignity,'" those who retailed the familiar sarcasm with a smile or a sigh were thinking especially of bishops and cathedral bodies. But it has long since become impossible for a bishop, and will ere long cease to be possible for a dean, "to rust out," according to the elegant phrase attributed to Bishop RYLE. And when two or three Chapters have emulated the high standard presented to view at St. Paul's, there will be as little thought of reviving the *laissez faire* ideal of caputular life as of reproducing the episcopal ideal of the age before Bishop WILBERFORCE, when a bishop was supposed to see nothing except through the "eyes" of his archdeacons, and no more precise definition could be framed of the duties, ocular or other, of archdeacons than that it was their business "to discharge archidiaconal functions." The most perfect sovereign cannot rule aright without the aid of competent counsellors and representatives, and an increased and reawakened episcopate connotes, so to speak, a corresponding revival of cathedral life, the cathedral being so termed simply because it is the church where the bishop's chair is fixed. Not much has yet been achieved in this way at Liverpool, but something is already being done at Truro, and we may hope that something will ere long be done both at Southwell and St. Albans. Meanwhile there is a certain fitness in the first occupant of the See carved out of the previous diocese of Lincoln being, like Bishop WORDSWORTH, a Wykehamist. And there is a still more obvious fitness in the honoured, if somewhat archaic, representative of the solid theological learning of the Oxford of a past generation handing over the burden which increasing years had rendered too heavy for him to a successor, with whose theology he would have much in common, and whose learning is in some respects deeper, and for present needs more directly available, than

his own. The name of Dr. STUBBS is one with which our readers have long been familiar, and which they have always been accustomed to see mentioned in these columns with the respect due to his unique literary services in a field he has made peculiarly his own. Henceforth they will look to him also for services, if not of a higher, of a more directly practical kind, and we shall hardly incur the charge of indiscreet prediction, if we venture to assure them that the expectation is not likely to be disappointed.

THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.

THE first sight of an Italian Carnival is generally disappointing to all but the very young. In many of the larger towns all that the stranger sees of the celebrated festival are a few groups of shabby maskers, whose purpose is evidently profit rather than pleasure, and who endeavour to extract soldi from the pockets of the simple foreigner by the repetition of obsolete jokes and mechanical antics. In Rome and Naples, it is true, the processions are occasionally even more splendid than they used to be. Both cities depend to a large extent on their English, American, and Russian visitors. An unusual influx of these is what a remarkable vintage or olive harvest is to a country district; their rarity is dearth, their absence famine. As with the grape and olive, too, their quality is of greater importance than their quantity, and the innkeepers declare that the former has deteriorated of late. This is chiefly due to the increased ease of travelling. Formerly a journey to Italy was the great event in the lives of many men. It was the conclusion of a young noble's education, the cherished purpose for which poor scholars boarded their scanty savings. And Rome was the place in which both were anxious to appear at their best. Did not the good, frugal wife of Herder insist that her husband ought to procure a violet silk coat—at Dalberg's expense, of course—in order that he might represent the Protestant Church of Weimar with fitting dignity in the city of the Popes? It may well be believed that whole batches of Gaze's tourists do not leave so much money behind them as one of the old "Milordi" who used to take princely apartments for the winter and surround themselves with large retinues. But, besides this, the Romans had a special cause of complaint. After the fall of the temporal power of the Popes, the splendour of the great religious functions of the Holy Week was overclouded. Believers who had no special business at the Papal Court shrank from visiting the scene of what they considered a great desecration; while one of its chief attractions for the mere sightseer was removed. Under these circumstances, great efforts were made to increase the glory of the Carnival; large sums of money were subscribed, and to take a conspicuous part in it was considered a sign of attachment to the new dynasty. Naples, the shrewd and somewhat envious rival of Rome for the affections of the moneyed foreigner, soon followed the example of the capital. Ever since the system of short Italian tours began, the innkeepers of each city have been able to assure their guests that a dreadful fever is ravaging the other. They are subtle and persuasive reasoners, and possess a medical and geological knowledge which it is rather surprising to find in a class which is not usually numbered among the learned professions. But like other great authorities they are unfortunately apt to disagree. While the Neapolitans have excellent grounds for asserting that an eruption of Vesuvius may take place at any moment and cannot possibly be delayed beyond a certain number of weeks, the Romans can prove by equally weighty arguments that, under the well-known and carefully ascertained conditions of the time, such an event is clearly impossible. Scientific differences of this kind frequently lead to social emulation, as we know by the sad fate of Heine's hero who was obliged to fight a duel to establish the fundamental doctrine of all theology. So as soon as Rome had a successful Carnival, it was clear that Naples must have one too; since then her efforts have been great, though somewhat spasmodic, and once at least the Southern city bore away the palm. The procession that moved through her streets during Victor Emmanuel's visit was probably the most magnificent that ever graced such a festival.

Though the most striking feature of the Roman Carnival, the race of the wild unbridled horses from one end of the town to the other, has been abolished in consequence of an accident that happened a few years ago, the traveller who desires nothing but a spectacle will therefore find enough to satisfy him in either of the cities we have mentioned, if the weather be fine and the year favourable. Both on the Corso and the Toledo he may see masks as quaint and groups as varied as those that Goethe figured and described; the flowers and the sugar-plums fall as thickly as ever, and the plaster pellets sting as sharply as heretofore; and yet to many of us something seems wanting which the old poets and novelists taught us to expect. It is not merely that the glamour of romance is gone, that no queenly form beckons to the moody stranger, that no elfish dwarf thrusts a love-letter into his hand; nor is it that we are old and lonely, and therefore find the bright scene wearisome, as Goethe told Crabb Robinson he himself had done. It is in the Italian groups that we look for something that is not there. Their costumes are far more costly than we had imagined they would be; but where is the thoughtless and innocent mirth, where are the wild outbursts of perfectly harmless fun? The form of the Carnival is with us

still, has the spirit flown for ever? The only persons in whom it still seems to live are the youths and maidens of England and America, who pelt and chase each other wildly for an hour or two, and then go home to write rapturous letters to distant friends about the light-heartedness of the Italians. Why is this? Many explanations have been given; some say the people are ground down with taxes till all the old merriment is crushed out of them, and others that they were formerly children, but that politics have made men of them, and they have cast away childish things. Others again argue that the sight of foreign luxury has robbed them of their old capacity to enjoy simple mirth and inexpensive fun. You are so wearied and dispirited that you scarcely care; you get out of the crowd as quickly as you can, and wend your way to the "Wapping of Rome," where you know a little tavern in which a sound old wine may be had. There you cast aside your domino and mask. At the other end of the high damp vaulted room, or rather cellar, a number of respectable shopkeepers are seated round an oil lamp. They are celebrating their Carnival with an extra *fiasco* or two of the right sort. You will follow their example, only you do not want the light; it is pleasant to sit in darkness and moralize on the dreariness of all official holidays. You have hardly drunk your second glass, however, when a sound of suppressed tittering is heard at the door, and an old woman enters in her everyday costume followed by a bevy of masked girls. Their dresses have evidently been patched together out of old odds and ends, but they have the true old Roman grace and bearing, and you can see at a glance that the true spirit of the carnival is alive in every pulse. They can hardly restrain their laughter while their venerable leader demands the best and oldest wine, and they turn to drink it so that no one may recognize them when they lift the dark veil which hangs from their half masks and hides the lower part of their face. When they have finished, the old lady advances to the table and says to one of those who are seated there:—"Sir, I have the honour to inform you that you have been selected to pay for our wine. And, oh!" she adds, in a very audible whisper, "if you only knew who drank it, you would consider this the happiest day in all your life." A shout of laughter arises, and everybody wants to know the secret name. After a long apparent hesitation, during which all the girls have escaped, the crone reveals the Christian name of somebody whom the victim is supposed to affect, or, failing this, she boldly cites one of the greatest and most beautiful ladies in the noble families of Rome. It is characteristic of the Italians that this joke is never played off upon a stranger or a poor man, unless a priest happen to be seated among the rest, when he is selected as a matter of course; but in that case it is understood that the whole company pays the very inconsiderable tax.

But, if you have any of the electricity of the time about you, you have not waited to watch this scene, but have put on your cloak and mask and quickly followed the girls. If you find them laughingly crouching in some byway, do not seem to notice them, but keep them carefully in sight. After indulging in a good many jests, they will probably pass through a low archway, and, when you attempt to follow them, a porter will demand your ticket or your name. You answer, you are a poor brother of the Carnival—too poor, in fact, to possess either. In that case, he will tell you there is dancing in such or such a place, to which you will doubtless be welcome, but this is a private society. In the meantime, two or three of the young men who manage the affair will probably have made their appearance. You single out the most forbidding of them, and, turning to him, you say:—"Sir, I have a secret to impart; if you knew it, I think you would sympathize with me." He steps forward; and you continue, in a whisper as audible as you can make it:—"Pity me; I have fallen in love with a lady whose name and address I have no means of finding out, but who has just entered this gate. I only wish to speak to her for a moment. You would not like to be obliged to step over my corpse on leaving your ball—at least I think you would not." "But what kind of a lady is it?" he will probably ask, suspiciously. "An unmasked lady, who entered with a number of masked attendants a few minutes ago"; and here you must describe the duenna as graphically and satirically as you can, always adding when you have dwelt on her game eye, her hunchback, or her wry leg, that there is an indescribable charm in this which has captivated your heart. Some such jest is almost sure to secure your admission to any popular Carnival dance that is worth the visiting, at least in Rome. But you must keep up your part for the evening, and be prodigal and extravagant in your admiration of your partner, who will in all probability play the prude, the coy, the tender, and the offended maiden, by turns, with no inconsiderable skill. When you enter all the male part of the company will crowd round you with their glasses, and you must take a sip from each—not to do so would be an offence—then you must order wine and offer your own full glass to each in turn. That is the only expense you need incur; but it may be well to slip out in an hour or two and purchase as many sweetmeats as you can carry. The landlord will lend you a tray, and you and the lady of your adoration may carry them round and request the other ladies to partake of them in honour of your betrothal. A bottle or two of wine at the same time for the male part of the assembly would not be out of place; but, above all things, take care not to be ostentatious.

What renders such evenings possible is the extraordinary tact of the lower-class Italians. The old woman with whom you have carried on your mock flirtation may perhaps unexpectedly turn

out to be your own washerwoman, but she will never refer to the subject unless you do so, nor will any of the merry company bow to you in the street unless you encourage them. But to continue the description. The ball-room is probably large and high, but it is furnished only with chairs hired for the occasion from some neighbouring church; the music is somewhat worse than middling, but the fun grows heartier and the dancing wilder from hour to hour. If you wish to take part in the latter, you must ask the dame of your choice to stand up with you. After she has hobbled a few paces and returned to her seat, girl after girl will ask her permission to dance with you, and you too are free to choose what partner you will. At last the moment for unmasking comes, and now you may admire not only the stately forms and graceful movements, but the dark, passionate, unfathomable eyes. Take care, however, not to look too deeply into any single pair of them; the youths around you, for all their soft manners and careless gaiety, have sharp knives in their pockets, and there are many dark corners between here and your lodgings.

TRAGICOMEDIA POLITICA.

THE "comparatively very limited" throats (see Mr. Gladstone on Monday night) of the garrison of Sinkat have been duly cut, and the House of Lords has been informed that it "may be the worse" (see *Daily News* of Wednesday) for having dared to remonstrate with this method of educating Egyptians in the blessings of constitutional government. Some one has said (or if he has not we make him a present of the remark) that there would be no such roaring joke as politics if the thing were not so serious, and that the student of matters political would break his heart over their seriousness if it were not that politics afford such endless amusement. At the present moment there appear to be three distinct defences of the person whom they rudely call in Berlin "the author of the Soudan massacres." The first is that it was impossible to relieve Sinkat; it being perfectly well known to every expert that even after the 4th of January, when Lord Granville assumed absolute command over Egyptian policy in the Soudan and elsewhere, the garrison of Aden and Sir William Hewett between them could, without a man from Suez or from Bombay, have relieved Sinkat three times over. The second is that it was necessary that the comparatively limited extent of jugular should suffer in order that the absolute consistency of cowardice on the part of the Government should remain intact; on which it is unnecessary to make further comment. The third recalls exactly the argument of Caiaphas on a celebrated occasion. It was, it seems, expedient that the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokkar should perish in order that General Gordon might relieve Khartoum and the garrisons of Darfur, Bahr-el-Gazal, and the equatorial provinces *sans coup férir*. Here, also, it is not necessary to add a word. Those who are of the opinion of Caiaphas are fully entitled to the benefit of his highly respectable authority. They may even have overlooked this important leading case; and, if it be so, they are most welcome to it. We shall not discourse further of them from this point of view.

The garrison of Sinkat, two days' march from English territory—that is to say, the sea—have died fighting, and perhaps it is not good to dwell too much on their fate. They will add a contingent to the goodly army of shadows which, as has been before now pointed out, is ready to play a part in a new version of the last act of *Richard III.* Here in England we are quite helpless. A person of the name of Thomasson, who appears in Dod as a member of Parliament, and whose name has sometimes been seen in division-lists as an advocate of refusing grants to the Royal Family, of establishing atheism as the religion of Parliament, &c., is reported by the newspapers to have said that he is unable to see why we should go and kill one set of people in order to prevent their killing another set. It would be interesting to know whether, if Bill Sikes were in his house, Mr. Thomasson's views on the duty of the police would be wholly consistent with this remarkable utterance. But we are perhaps letting the tragedy, though it is certainly not without an obvious comic touch here, have the ground too much to itself. The present purpose is rather to survey the proceedings of the persons and the party who are responsible for the late massacres from a less serious point of view. "There is a superabundance of blood in the picture," as a certain critic remarked, perhaps rather wisely, of Campbell's "Lochiel," and it wants relieving. There is no lack of relief. In the first place, there is the Radical attempt, surely a pyramidal farce in itself, to play the old game of 1879. The poor old horses are trotted or stumbled out of their poor old stables. Once again we hear of the blatant clubman, of the wicked London press, of the carpet Jingoos who sit at home at ease and call for spirited policies. Surely this is a little reactionary on the part of the party of progress. Surely they might have hit upon something a little—only a very little—newer. Even their own prophet Lord Granville might have taught them a salutary lesson with his plaintive appeal to the doctrine of probabilities and his expostulation with those who, contrary to that doctrine, declare that the Ministry is always wrong. The very clubman, poor creature, who is alternately and consistently reproached with his bloodthirsty desire to gain "steps" in Egypt, and his cowardly determination to stay at home and send somebody else, cannot, according to Lord Granville, be always wrong. Even the ignorant

metropolis, despite its notorious inferiority in intellectual and moral qualities to Kennapshair and Llanpumpstain, must, on the same authority, sometimes be right. And then, too, the facts happen to be dreadfully unmanageable. It is not the metropolis alone by any means that entertains a mild objection to the butchering of the allies and virtual wards of England within a few cannon-shots of Admiral Hewett's long-range guns. The immaculate provinces, despite the fact that their newspapers are, as a rule, much more under the immediate command of party influences than those of the capital, have been by no means behind-hand with expressions of disgust at the sanguinary silliness of the Ministry. The calls for a firmer policy in Egypt come from the very quarters which four years ago furnished the forces wherewith to fight the wicked clubman and the luxurious Londoner. Our good friends of the party of scuttling and slaughter should have stuck to "great is Diana of the Ephesians." There is apparently some conjuring still to be done with that. The provinces might be conciliated by the suggestion that if Mr. Gladstone exactly reverses his policy he will still be the best man obtainable. But it is a bad way to conciliate them by calling names at those who express the very opinions which they express themselves.

But the attitude of the few partisans who have not feared to throw everything but party allegiance to the winds, and to defend the most cowardly blundering that any English statesmen have ever been guilty of, is less amusing than the behaviour of some of their leaders. The House of Commons at question time on Monday and Tuesday was for a cynic pure and simple the finest, happiest hunting-ground possible. The echo of Lord Hartington's celebrated announcement last week in two breaths that General Gordon is not in the service of the Khedive, and that General Gordon is Governor-General, by the Khedive's appointment, of the Soudan, dies away in the distance, and the fuller symphonies in prevarication and subterfuge which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice executed on these two days fill the enraptured ear. Now it was Lord Edmond requiring notice of a question about already-printed telegrams and disclaiming cognizance of notorious communications. Now it was Mr. Gladstone remarking that the distance from the English army in Egypt to Sinkat is "a matter for debate and discussion." Then the Prime Minister continued with the comparatively very limited extent of the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokkar—certainly the extent of the garrison of Sinkat is now very limited indeed. By the grace of Mr. Gladstone, it is limited to four sick men. These things led up by a gradual crescendo to the magnificent Bunsbyism in which Mr. Gladstone announced that "the instructions and the actions of Her Majesty's Government would be conformable to their views and intentions." After this, even the *coda* that "no part of the case [especially the throats of the garrison of Sinkat] will be found to have been neglected" might have seemed merely a dying fall. But Mr. Gladstone had not done. He said in reply to Mr. Forster (who apparently cannot forget out of office that he was a humanitarian in it, while Mr. Gladstone is a remarkable example of a successful forgetfulness in the opposite conditions) that "a comment [he was not asked for a comment, but an answer] might probably lead to expectations beyond what he contemplated." Next day Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice outdid even his chief in the execution of a difficult movement. He promised to make an inquiry "immediately," and then he defined immediately as "in whatever way I consider best." One ought perhaps to be rather grateful to Lord Edmond for this last striking word. The definition of "immediate" by "in whatever way I consider best" is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone, and his young friend showed his fitness for a position in the Government by using it. Only it would be a great mistake to limit the phrase to this particular use. The right time to do a thing is the time that Mr. Gladstone and those about him consider best, and the time that they have considered best must have been the right time. They considered it the best way to let the garrison of Sinkat be massacred, and there is no more to be said on that point. They consider it (not without considerable pressure from without) the best way not to let the garrison of Tokkar be massacred, and that will be right too. They could not insist in the case of Hicks Pasha's expedition, because that would be to assume responsibility; but they did insist in the case of Baker Pasha's expedition, and yet that did not impose any responsibility upon them. Their actions and instructions will be conformable to their views and intentions; and, as their views and intentions are *ex hypothesi* infallible and impeccable, their actions and instructions must be ditto, ditto. This kind of verbal wriggling is called by their henchmen "high argument" ("high old argument" would be a slight addition and a considerable improvement). The garrison of Sinkat was such a little one! The improvements introduced by Mr. Clifford Lloyd in the Egyptian administration were so remarkable! It would be such a pity to spoil the symmetry of General Gordon's plan by drawing swords and charging muskets! High arguments indeed!

The political Democritus has quite the best of it on this occasion, and it is with very great regret that we acknowledge our own inability entirely to rise or sink to the level of his situation. It is very weak, no doubt, very childish, very un-nineteenth-century. We ought to do nothing but avail ourselves of the abundant pasture for the humourist which is presented by the spectacle of the honour of a great nation and the duties of common humanity dragged in the dirt to the accompaniment of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's definitions of "immediately," of Mr. Gladstone's emulations of Captain Cuttle's great oracle, and of the admiring

applause of Radical newspapers. But in order to do nothing but this a man must forget that he is an Englishman; and then Englishmen who forget that they are Englishmen do not perceive the joke. So here is the eternal incompatibility. *Si M. Schnadhorst savait*—what a figure his chiefs are cutting; *si nous pouvions*—laugh at the figure which they make Englishmen cut! But Mr. Schnadhorst will still be Mr. Schnadhorst and keep his Schnadhorstian mind; and we for our part do not greatly envy him. The tragedy somewhat spoils the enjoyment of the comedy, but it is a tragi-comedy still.

THE NEW MARTINI-ENFIELD RIFLE.

THERE seems to be some difference of opinion as to the merits of the new 40-inch bore rifle lately reissued from the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield, for trial and report. The arm as it now stands differs in some minor details from that issued experimentally in 1882, but the differences are of the nature of improvements which occur during the making of any new machine, and need not be noticed here. It is of more importance to consider in what respect, if in any, the new rifle is likely to prove a better infantry arm than the present service Martini-Henry rifle. The breech-loading action—namely, that invented by Martini on the falling block system—is the same in both rifles. It will be convenient in this notice to speak of the present service rifle as the Martini-Henry, and of the new experimental rifle as the Martini-Enfield.

The improvements claimed for the Martini-Enfield consist mainly of a new pattern fore-end, of several additional appliances which could, if desired, be fitted to any rifle, and of a very considerable reduction in the diameter of the bore and in the weight of the barrel.

The fore-end, it should be explained, is that part of the stock which is in front of the breech. In the Martini-Henry rifle a groove runs along the upper part of the fore-end, and forms a bed for the barrel. Held together by steel bands, the barrel and fore-end form the shaft of a pike sufficiently light and strong, whose point is the fixed bayonet. It is stated at Enfield that water finds its way to, and lodges in, the barrel-groove of the fore-end; that in this way many barrels get injured through rust, and in time become unserviceable. In order to obviate this liability to damage, the barrel of the Martini-Enfield is made to rest upon the fore-end instead of lying in it—that is, the exterior of the barrel is exposed to view both above and below—so that there ought to be no difficulty in keeping every part of it perfectly clean and free from rust. Time and a certain amount of wear and tear will be required to show whether the change is a good one. The necessity for any change in this respect would have been more clear had it been stated by the authorities at Enfield what proportion of barrels become unserviceable through the setting up of rust between the barrel and the present fore-end.

The Martini-Enfield is fitted with an improved pattern back-sight. The leaf, instead of being graduated for every hundred yards only (as in the Martini-Henry), is marked for every half and quarter hundred between 500 and 1,500 yards. There is also a sliding wind-gauge—the device of the Armourer Sergeant at Hythe—attached to the back-sight. These additions will doubtless be of great use in enabling the soldier to correct his elevation and allowance for wind. As at distances over 1,500 yards a man cannot (if the butt is in his shoulder) raise his eye sufficiently above the breech to get the required elevation, the Martini-Enfield is provided with a long-range sight, consisting of a fixed back-sight (on the left side of the rifle) and a long-range front-sight graduated from 1,000 to 2,000 yards. When in use, the long-range front-sight hangs down from the left side of the upper band. Thus elevation is obtained, not by depressing the breech below the line of aim, but by raising the muzzle above, and of course slightly to one side of, that line. When not required for immediate use, the long-range front-sight can, as a sailor would say, be stowed along the barrel and fore-end; when not required at all, it can be unshipped and stowed away in the pouch. It may be noticed that, in aiming at extreme ranges with the long-range sight, few men will be able to rest the cheek or chin on the butt of their rifle; the difficulty of aiming and holding steadily will be thereby increased at least twofold. This drawback might be got rid of by placing a pad between the cheek and the butt. In the Martini action the very act of loading places the rifle, so to speak, at "full cock."

To the breech action of the Martini-Enfield a safety bolt has been added. When the bolt is pressed back, the trigger does not act, and the action is thus kept, as it were, at "half cock." In order to make the rifle ready for firing, the bolt must be pressed forward. When it is intended to fire the rifle immediately after loading, there is, of course, no occasion to use the safety bolt. Thus in the Martini-Enfield action there are two methods of bringing the rifle to "full cock." Men used to guns will most likely consider there is some danger attending the formation of a double habit in the matter of cocking a gun. But the safety bolt, like the new pattern back-sight and the long-range sight, is undergoing trial. It is not improbable that the general verdict will be adverse to the safety bolt, decidedly in favour of the new pattern back-sight and sliding wind-gauge, and pretty evenly divided about the long-range sight.

The Martini-Enfield is chiefly remarkable for the reduction in

the size of the bore and in the weight of the bullet. The bore of the Martini-Henry rifle is 0.45 inch in diameter, and is rifled on the Henry system. The bore of the Martini-Enfield is 0.40 inch in diameter, and is rifled with a ratchet rifling, the grooves being either seven or nine in number, and the twist one turn in 15 inches. The weight of the Martini-Henry bullet is 480 grains, that of the Martini-Enfield 384, the powder charge of 85 grains being the same for both. The effect of this reduction of about one-fifth of the bore-space and of exactly one-fifth in the weight of the bullet is to raise the starting or muzzle velocity, as it is called, from 1,315 to 1,570 feet per second.

The importance of the difference of these rates is apparent if we extend the comparison to the rifles of other countries. As regards muzzle velocity, the French, Austrian, Russian, and German rifles are all superior to the Martini-Henry, and all inferior to the Martini-Enfield. It is noticeable that the muzzle velocity of the French Gras, which is the lowest of the four alluded to, is higher by 100 feet per second than the muzzle velocity of the Martini-Henry; whereas the muzzle velocity of the German Mauser, which is the highest of the four, is lower—also by 100 feet a second—than the muzzle velocity of the Martini-Enfield. In all probability, the *raison d'être* of the experimental bore is due to the growing conviction that the English bullet ought to leave the muzzle at least as quickly as the bullet of any other infantry in Europe.

In order to take full advantage of superior muzzle velocity, it is absolutely essential that the bullet, when set in motion, should have in itself the greatest possible power of maintaining velocity throughout its flight. This power depends on the relation—conveniently termed sectional density—which exists between the weight of the bullet and its diameter. In this respect the Martini-Henry bullet is superior to those of all the Continental rifles, but inferior to the new .40-inch bullet used with the Martini-Enfield. The new bullet has, in fact, a greater driving power in proportion to the surface directly opposed to the resistance of the air. From the combination of a vastly superior muzzle velocity with a most favourable sectional density, it follows, as a matter of course, that the new bullet—provided it has a rotation sufficient to ensure perfect stability—has a greater velocity, and consequently a flatter trajectory, throughout its entire flight than any other known infantry rifle. Stability of the bullet is ensured, and air-boring power still further augmented, by the increased rotation due to the higher muzzle velocity and the quicker twist of rifling. The Martini-Henry and Martini-Enfield bullets leave the barrel making respectively 720 and 1,250 revolutions per second.

What does not follow as a matter of course is that, when the bore is reduced, the accuracy of shooting should remain unimpaired. Hitherto experience has shown that the quicker the twist and the smaller the bore, the greater the risk of unmanageable fouling; and, if the fouling becomes excessive, the muzzle velocity will vary and the shooting will be uneven. But Enfield—if responsible for the cartridge as well as for the rifle—has been equal to the occasion. The modifications in the cartridge consequent upon the reduction of the bore appear to be perfectly successful. To begin with, a solid-drawn cartridge case is for several reasons a great improvement. The freedom from fouling—due probably to an improved wad—is most marked. The amount of recoil is very much the same as with the Martini-Henry—that is to say, if the rifle be held properly, it is insignificant. The accuracy of the Martini-Enfield at 1,000 yards is equal to the accuracy of the Martini-Henry at 500 yards. Beyond 1,000 yards no strict comparison appears to have been made. It would be interesting to the country at large, as well as to those more nearly concerned, if the accuracy figure of merit of both rifles could be taken at 1,500 and 2,000 yards with the same exactness as it has been taken at 500 and 1,000 yards. Perhaps the experimental range at Enfield does not admit of this; and in any case a horizontal area, say a tide-washed sand, would probably afford the most convenient target for determining how closely the shots will group at extreme ranges. The Martini-Henry, in spite of its comparatively low muzzle velocity, and in virtue of its good sectional density, more than holds its own when compared with any of the foreign rifles for long range and accuracy. It would, therefore, be most satisfactory if the comparison between the two Martinis were made as complete as possible. The inference to be drawn would be direct and valuable. It is probable that the new bullet, which is comparatively light and long, would of the two be more affected by a side wind. This, as bearing on the possibility of any further reduction of bore, seems to be a most important point. At all events, the trials to be thoroughly instructive should be carried on in boisterous as well as in still weather.

When it has been shown what can be done in this climate with a limited number of specially-made rounds, it will still remain to be seen what results can be obtained with ammunition which, having been made in bulk and carried for a time in the men's pouches, is afterwards expended in continuous firing under an Indian sun. If under these conditions there is no appreciable diminution in the accuracy of shooting, the Martini-Enfield must in the fundamental matters of barrel and ammunition, and in the adaptation of each to the other, be pronounced a far more powerful rifle than the Martini-Henry.

On the other hand, the Martini-Enfield is heavier than the

Martini-Henry. The weight of the stock and the exterior form of the barrel are the same in both, but the greater thickness of barrel in the case of the smaller bore causes a difference of six ounces in weight between the two patterns. It is urged at Enfield that, since the Martini-Enfield ammunition is round for round lighter than the present Martini-Henry ammunition, the weight of the new rifle and seventy rounds is not greater than that of the Martini-Henry with a like number of rounds. It must be recollected, however, that, while a soldier can never part with his rifle, more or less of his ammunition can on occasion be carried for him. That the outside of the new barrel is of the same dimensions as that of the Martini-Henry is probably due to economical reasons. Alterations in the shape and dimensions of a machine-made barrel would entail a corresponding change in the factory plant. Perhaps, too, the extra thickness of metal is conducive to good shooting. But on this head it may be said that there ought to be no room for surmise. It should in fact be positively determined by sheer experiment whether the new Martini-Enfield barrel cannot without any serious loss of accuracy in shooting be made as light, or even lighter, than the barrel of the service Martini-Henry.

A contrivance called a "quick-loader" has been issued for simultaneous trial with the Martini-Enfield. It could be used, if desired, with any rifle; its efficiency does not affect the intrinsic merit of the rifle; still a short notice of it may not be out of place. The object of the "quick-loader," as the name implies, is to facilitate rapidity of loading. It is a case made of metal; and in shape and appearance is somewhat like a small pouch. When not required for use it can be slung from the waistbelt. When in use it is attached to the right side of the rifle, close to the breech-action. It contains six cartridges, which by means of a spring are forced up one after the other in a very ready manner to the loader's hand.

The most that can be said for it is that, after it has been filled and fixed to the rifle, a nimble man may fire the six rounds about four or five seconds quicker than he could when loading in the ordinary manner from the pouch. It is possible that some pattern of "quick-loader" may be introduced into the service, but no contrivance which involves the handling of the cartridge between each round can be compared for rapidity with a self-loading, or, as it is called, a magazine rifle.

By a magazine rifle is meant a rifle that contains within itself—presumably in the butt—a magazine or reservoir (holding a limited number of cartridges), combined with a mechanical action which, by trigger pressure only—or at all events with the aid of one other motion—performs all the functions of loading; so that, the magazine being filled beforehand, the firer can repeat his shots almost as quickly as he can aim and fire. In the hands of well-trained troops the odds in favour of a magazine rifle as against the ordinary breech-loader would, *ceteris paribus*, be very like the odds in favour of an ordinary breech-loader as against the old muzzle-loader. At present there does not appear to be any satisfactory pattern of a magazine rifle; but it is notorious that, so soon as some ingenious inventor can design a thoroughly efficient magazine action, one, at least, of the great European Powers is ready to adopt the system. This means, of course, that every other Power who can afford to follow the example set, or who cannot afford not to do so, will sooner or later re-arm their infantry in a similar manner.

Whether after further experiment, including trial of the wear and tear sort, it would be worth while to substitute the Martini-Enfield for the Martini-Henry as a general infantry arm, is a question which probably depends on the condition of the service rifles now in use, on the number of these not yet issued, and on some other considerations. It might be good economy to reserve the present stock of Martini-Henry rifles for issue to the Volunteers in exchange for the Snider. It may be imperative—no one can say how soon—for us to adopt a rifle of the magazine type; but in any case, if we have to re-arm the infantry of the line, the arm should surely in every respect be the very best we can make.

Opinions may vary as to the exact requirements of an infantry rifle. With regard to rapidity of fire it can of course be argued, as it was on the introduction of breech-loaders, that a magazine system will lead to much reckless expenditure of ammunition; but ammunition is meant to be expended, of course under proper control. Again, with regard to accuracy, in a letter to the *Times* (27th December last) an authority no less than General Boxer contended in so many words that because our soldiers have not sufficient skill to do full justice to the rifle they have, it would be unwise to give them one that shoots better. It may be true that in any infantry battalion there are not half a dozen men who can get the most out of the Martini-Henry; but the bulk of our soldiers can use their rifle with more or less effect; and the question is not, in fact, whether the skill of our men is up to the power of the rifle, but whether, on the whole, a better-shooting rifle will increase the chances of hitting. On this point all arguments must give way before the practical reason that we are obliged, as before hinted, to keep pace with our neighbours. If we are a little in front of them, so much the better.

In the hands of young troops—however well trained, but unused to war—it must be expected that the worth of a superior weapon must now and then be cancelled in the flurry and excitement of the first onset. But for English infantry, steadied down to their

work, the best rifle must—weight and other things being equal—always be that which combines, when wanted, the greatest rapidity of fire with the greatest hitting power at all ranges. At the same time, it is well to be reminded that the best rifle in the world is of little use unless it be backed up, not only by sufficient skill in rifle-shooting, but also by sound training in the proper application of rifle-fire. In this latter respect we are perhaps somewhat behind our nearer neighbours.

LISBON

TO write with any enthusiasm about a place which Fielding described as "the nastiest city in the world," and where Childe Harold found that

Hut and palace show like filthily,
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt,

might seem, at first sight, to require considerable courage or even audacity. But it must be remembered that "the father of the English novel" composed his *Voyage to Lisbon* some hundred and thirty years ago, and, which is more important, before the occurrence of the terrible earthquake which, destroying a great part of Lisbon, shook the hearts of all Europe. Fielding's death at Lisbon on the eve of that catastrophe saved him from the coming horror, but it also prevented him from seeing the rapid regeneration of the city which followed. As for "the Childe," he was in that unwholesome state of mind which leads the unreformed but *blasé* debauchee to flee from his fellow-creatures and all their works to recruit himself by the contact with silent nature. Had he visited Lisbon somewhat later in his course of travel he might very well have dealt more gently with its defects, or even have discovered beauty in the city, as he could not help doing in its surroundings.

Anyhow, the traveller of the present day who visits Lisbon with Byron's description in his thoughts will be agreeably disappointed. It is a city with much to recommend it to the tourist, who will often like it better after a fortnight's sojourn than in the first glow of novelty. It is a city of contrasts, and therefore pleasing to various tastes. Old and new, crooked and regular, hill and level, garden and street, are in close juxtaposition. For those who love uniformity and geometrical plan there is the new and handsome central quarter on the ground where the earthquake played its fiercest havoc; for the antiquarian there is the rambling and tortuous Alfama district in the east, with the castle and cathedral, and Belem in the west; while he who would find the country in the town has only to mount a little way, to roam along the streets of upper Lisbon, over the seven hills which look down on Tagus flowing seaward. There is dirt in the more squalid parts of the city as there is in every capital; but certainly in these days, whatever may have been the case in the past, it does not soil the fair town promiscuously or make the tourist eager to flee from its highways and its quays to the open country. The extreme beauty of the surroundings of Lisbon affords a more than sufficient explanation of any neglect of the city itself. Lisbon is almost crushed by its proximity to scenery such as Cintra can show. Those who care not for a capital that does not possess celebrated pictures, museums, and art treasures generally, must go elsewhere than to Lisbon, for Lisbon belongs to that class of cities which are in themselves pictures, and so situated that they can be seen in panorama; and it so happens that few of such cities have any wealth of art collections to show. To this class belong, among European capitals, besides Lisbon, Constantinople—with which city Lisbon has often been compared as regards situation—and to some extent the gem of the Baltic, Stockholm. Were the comparison with the former to hold good in other respects nowadays, the abusive utterances of Fielding and Byron would not seem obsolete, but might stand unchallenged.

Of the English travellers who visit Lisbon almost all approach it by water, and there is no doubt that this is the most impressive introduction to the beauty of the city and its neighbourhood. Nor does it involve any sacrifice, for the time taken in the sea passage is practically no more than that occupied by the overland journey from England; and, as a set-off to the possible miseries of "the Bay" and the worry of the quarantine inspection off Belem in the Tagus, the railway traveller will have to endure long and dusty drives in the slow trains of the Peninsula. Most of those, however, who do thus come to Lisbon only spend a few hours there on their way to South America or some island of the Atlantic, and have no time to explore the city thoroughly during their flying visit.

Still, a day of ten hours or so in Lisbon is a day well spent, and introduces the stranger to much that is novel to his eyes. He finds himself in a city which only misses being on the margin of the vast Atlantic by some seven miles of river, while the river itself in front of Lisbon widens to six or seven miles, forming a deep and spacious lake, in which all the monster vessels of the world can lie at anchor. From the quays he may often behold many an English man-of-war, along with vessels that wear the flags of all the countries of the world. He will have the Tagus with him wherever he roams, whether along the river frontage or on the higher ground of upper and suburban Lisbon, with Almada across the water on the south standing high against the sky. He will see the waggons, with their yoked pairs of patient bullocks and their solid wooden wheels, creaking and

groaning in all their primitive springlessness, as though fresh come from some old Mantuan farm where Virgil had stepped aside to let them pass. Many a foot-passenger will brush by him in the graceful short jacket and turban hat common also in Spain; while the ladies of fashion will pass him dressed in Parisian style, but often carrying the large fan as parasol, and he will very likely wish that they still wore the mantilla, which would make a far more suitable setting for their dark brunette features. The negro and the mulatto he will often see, the African stock which has crossed back from Brazil, descendants of the Moor, Madeirans, and generally a great mixture of racial types everywhere. Carriages drawn by pairs of mules will dash past him in apparently reckless fashion down the steep streets, for Lisbon is all hill except near the river; and from time to time he will come upon some one of the *chafarizes*, or public fountains, fed from the splendid aqueduct of Os Arcos across the Alcantara valley, with its crowd of Gallegos, or Gallician porters from the North of Spain, filling their water-kegs from its spouts, which done they bear them off upon their backs to sell their contents to any householder along their route who may be attracted by the plaintive, prolonged, and nasal cry of "Agua-a-a."

These gallegos do most of the rough and menial work of the capital. It is said, indeed, that the Portuguese are too proud to undertake it themselves; however that may be, their imported servants bear in their figures and in their faces clear evidence of the dignity of toil, for they are the handsomest and best set-up men in the place, and now and then one sees among their number a very Hercules, brown-faced and brawny, with dark curling hair, especially in the numerous boats that keep up communication between the vessels in the river and the shore.

Modernized Lisbon lies in the centre of the city and is terminated towards the river by the Praça do Commercio, called by the English Black Horse Square, a handsome open space flanked on the east by the Custom House and on the west by the Marine Arsenal, both fine buildings. A triumphal arch on the north side introduces the vista of the Rua Augusta, one of the parallel handsome streets, crossed by smaller streets at right angles, which terminate northwards in the square which holds the chief theatre of Lisbon. Hard by this spacious quadrangle another smaller square is enlivened by a market, where in summer huge white standard umbrellas protect the market-women and their wares from the heat of the sun, and where the thirsty traveller can buy his melon and eat it on the spot. On the other side lies the Passeio Publico, a small but beautiful park, aromatic on a hot day in summer with the scent from the pepper-trees, which render a snuff-box superfluous and often induce a sneeze, while the ear is struck by the industrious strident note of some great green tree-cicala, rubbing his ugly body with his legs. Here, in the evening, a regimental band often plays while the Lisbonese sit drinking their black coffee with Brazilian sugar, of which a whole saltcellarfull scarce seems to sweeten it.

In the older part of the city, to the east, are the Cathedral, partially destroyed by the great earthquake, but since then restored, and the Church of St. Vincent, where are buried the sovereigns of the House of Braganza. The tombs of these great ones of the earth afford a strange spectacle, as they are in the form of studded hair trunks, such as our grandmothers used in travelling when they were young. As one gazes at these unusual coffins, the droll idea will arise that their late Majesties have been packed up ready for conveyance ere long to the Stygian shore as personal luggage of the shrivelled sacristan who haunts their resting-place. This is the district of narrow, winding streets, where lean ownerless dogs lie about on the roadway, useful as scavengers of offal, but attractive neither by breed nor condition; here, too, the long brown cloak worn by the older women among the poor predominates, and the tall, pointed, blue woollen cap of the men, fishermen and others, its upper part drooping over and lying flat in front.

At the other end of the river-frontage the picturesque tower of Belem, a more euphonious contraction of Bethlehem than our word Bedlam, juts out into the Tagus, while near it is the monastery of Belem, or Church of the Hieronymites, a splendid specimen of highly ornate, though perhaps overloaded, late Gothic; the old Necessidades, and the newer Ajuda Palace, are also in this direction. Some fourteen miles to the west lies Cintra, whose beauties have been too often described to need further mention, and Colares, a place of vineyards overhanging the Atlantic seaboard by Cintra, while Torres Vedras is northwards from the other two.

No memory of Lisbon can be called complete which does not embrace the approach by water and the view of the city from the river. Only the brush of Turner could adequately describe the effect of a midsummer sunrise upon the lofty crags which look down on Cintra and the Tagus' mouth, lighting them up with golden, purple, and violet hues; while Cascaes, the favourite bathing-place of the Lisbonese, nestles on the shore under the protection of the mountain shadow. Beautiful, also, is the short stretch of river which lies between the city and the ocean, adorned as it is with the olive, the orange, the cork tree, and the vine; while along the heights are innumerable windmills, each with many arms. Belem is soon passed by, and then, on the right, Lisbon itself lies before us, looking out on the broad expanse of the river, with four miles of frontage, quays, and houses, behind which are its hills, crowned with churches and dazzling white villas, which are the prettier in that they have no chimneys,

winter here being no colder than much of an English May, and fireplaces being missed only for three weeks or so in the year. As background to the whole runs along the ridge which ends near Cintra in the Rock of Lisbon, which ridge is so near the city that the traveller from the North is close over its houses before he can see them, just as one walking from the centre of the Isle of Wight to Ventnor comes suddenly upon that pretty town over the slopes of Boniface. The whole panorama may be described, without fear of contradiction, as one of the most beautiful in the world.

Nor is Lisbon by any means devoid of historical associations. It was there that Columbus lived some while, and there, as he gazed on the great ships sailing to the unexplored ocean, the thought of Asia beckoning to him from the West flashed on his brain—a thought destined in the end to bear the rich fruit of a new hemisphere disclosed to the Old World, after many disappointments in Portugal, in Italy, and in England. It was from the beach in front of the Belem Monastery that a few years later Vasco da Gama put off to mount the vessel which was to carry him round the Cape of Tempests—now bearing a name of better omen—to India; while, in the words of the *Lusiads*,

A gente da cidade aquella dia,
Huns por amigos, outros por parentes,
Outros por ver somente concorrir,
Saudosos na vista, e descontentes.

For in those days they might well doubt whether they should ever see the bold mariners again. Perhaps, as they dropped down the river oceanwards, they got a parting God-speed on that memorable morning from the sardine-fishers returning, then as now, at early dawn from their nightly toil in the deep, their boats, with crossed lateen sails, looking like a flock of snowy sea-birds hovering over the pale green water of the Tagus, and dipping their breasts again and again in its waves. It was at Lisbon that young Camoens dwelt, and there he found his "Circe" in Catharina de Atayde; there also, after many years of adventure in the far East, he laid aside the sword and took the pen to complete his *Rimas*, "lived poor and miserable, and so died," as the inscription on his grave in the church of Sta. Anna recorded, though less miserable than if he had lived for another year or two to see his "nobre Lisboa" become a provincial town of Philip II.'s Spain. It was from Spanish Lisbon that the great Armada sailed to be shattered on the Hebrides and the wild west coast of Ireland. At Lisbon the body of Henry Fielding still lies in Os Cyrestes, the English cemetery near the graceful domed church of the Estrella, the earthquake sparing his newly-dug grave. Memories of Wellington and the Peninsula War carry us to modern Lisbon, where, on the 8th of June, 1880, the Portuguese paid a tardy tribute to their mighty dead by transferring to the monastery at Belem the bodies of Vasco da Gama and the great poet who found in him the hero whom his epic should immortalize.

EDUCATIONAL SUPERFLUITIES.

THE people who complain that children in elementary schools are being "over-educated" do not know what they are talking about. So far from being over-educated, the children are under-educated and mis-educated by reason of the facts that their school life is very short, and that foolish attempts are made to teach an impossible number of subjects. We shall now prove this proposition, and, for the sake of clearness in argument, we shall suppose ourselves to be dealing with ordinary Board schools in London. On the time-table of an average school the following subjects may appear:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Dictation, Scripture, Drill, Grammar, Geography, History, Social Economy, Physiology, Drawing, Music, and English Literature. In girls' schools one such subject as Literature or Physiology may be dropped, and Needlework taken instead. The time spent in school is 27½ hours per week for 48 weeks per annum, and the very utmost extent of time during which attendance is enforced is from the age of three to the age of thirteen. Now in London schools forty minutes per day must be taken up with Scriptural teaching; and five hours per week must be spent on drawing, music, and drill, so that boys have eighteen hours per week for the study of "special subjects," reading, writing, and arithmetic. Girls are much worse off, for they are compelled to spend at least five hours on needlework, and thus their time for book learning is very meagre. In London Board schools 23,000 children are examined in literature, 10,000 in domestic economy, 500 in botany, 4,500 in physical geography, 9,000 in animal physiology, 48 in mechanics, 450 in French, 213 in mathematics, 220,000 are taught drawing, 200,000 learn drill, and about 3,000 learn cookery. It is not necessary to take all the subjects required by the Education Code; but, if any teacher failed to earn the utmost possible amount of Government grant, he would very soon be required to go; and thus a multitude of subjects are taught in a scrappy way, and no one subject receives proper and exhaustive attention. The teachers cannot help themselves; some of them work overtime to an absurd and harmful extent; some of them cease to be educators, and become mere "drivers"; and all of them find the burden more than they can bear. They would be only too glad if they could succeed in over-educating any child; but they have not the chance of doing so. They can only struggle against

heavy odds to impart such a smattering of knowledge as may enable their schools to pass muster with the Government Inspector. Let us now consider the nature of the superfluties which produce this educational deadlock. Drawing is taught to the children in boys' and girls' schools for about two hours per week. In some places the instruction is given in a really useful way; but in the majority of cases the drawing lesson is a mischievous and expensive farce. Let any one look through, say, two thousand of the papers collected in a school on the day of the annual drawing examination, and he will probably have something to remember for the term of his natural life. Not five per cent. of the children have real aptitude for the subject; very few of them have an acquired aptitude; and the gross results of the ninety-six hours' labour bestowed on special work are really distressing. Some papers show an insane collection of twirls; some are blurred hopelessly; some of the figures lean to the right, some to the left; some are extravagantly corpulent, some are unspeakably thin; a few are neat and free from smudges, but destitute of power or skill; and a very limited selection show natural taste and ability. But week in, week out, all these unhappy youths are taught drawing. They use millions of pencils, waggon-loads of paper and india-rubber, and they require thousands of compasses and rulers. For the whole country the Government pays in grants alone 35,000*l.* per year for keeping up this absurdity; and the London Board schools alone take 3,000*l.* of that sum. Besides this, some 30,000 prizes are given every year, and each prize must be worth at least half-a-crown. We are not far wrong if we say that the country spends 40,000*l.* a year on teaching children to draw, and we venture to say that not forty children leave school in a year who are capable of drawing a leaf from nature. If special pupils were picked out and diligently trained no one could find fault; but to take up the brief time of poor children in teaching insufficiently a subject which is useless is an unwise proceeding. It occupies hours that should be devoted to essentials, and it produces the scantiest results. A thoroughly equipped art school might be kept up with half the money now spent in encouraging the production of smudgy abortions by elementary scholars.

We may now return to our time-table. Let us suppose that half an hour per week is given to grammar, the same to geography and history, one hour to physiology, or French, or mechanics, or botany, one hour to another alternative "special" subject, and half an hour to such mechanical work as marking the rolls, we find that at the outside only 14 hours per week can be devoted to reading, writing, and arithmetic. In girls' schools not much more than eight hours can be given to those branches. What is the consequence? The ability of the teacher is frittered away; the child cannot learn anything thoroughly; and a dull round of hurried labour is substituted for genuine education. A good elementary school under an artist in the work of teaching is one of the most charming sights that can be seen. There is order everywhere, good humour everywhere, and an indescribable suggestion of "good tone" is conveyed to the most casual visitor; yet even in such model places the work is only superficial, for the simple reason that the teachers have to give twelve years' instruction to pupils whose school life rarely extends beyond two-thirds of that time. If the teachers were left alone, the result would be that boys and girls would receive a rational and solid education; but every crotcheteer wishes to have his own pet subject taught, the schoolmasters are worried with a multiplicity of requirements, and the consequence is that, instead of over-education, we have half knowledge, cram, and general triviality.

We may now give some suggestive figures. Out of 2,875,003 scholars above seven borne on the registers of aided schools in the whole country, only 591,000 were examined in Standards IV., V., and VI. of the Government Code. In the London Board schools, out of 300,000 scholars, only 2,222 have gone beyond Standard VI. according to the latest return. There is certainly not much "over-education" shown by these sad statistics; and the reason why so poor a general result can be shown is that the labour of the teaching staff is frittered away, instead of being concentrated. Ambitious attempts are made to perform educational miracles, and those in authority will not learn that to education, as to politics, the metaphor about driving six omnibuses abreast through Temple Bar applies very aptly. In order that it may seem how very far we are away from over-education, the Government requirements in the "essential" subjects for Standard VI. may be given:—(1) To read a passage from one of Shakespeare's historical plays, or from some other standard author, or from a history of England. (2) To write a short theme or letter on an easy subject. (3) Fractions, vulgar and decimal; proportion, simple and compound; and simple interest.

Twelve millions have been spent in London, and we now have 2,222 children who can go beyond this stage. The "over-education" cry seems somewhat premature in the face of these significant facts. Had we tried to do less, more might have been done, and the sooner the lesson of simplification is learned the better for teachers and children, and for those unconsidered creatures the ratepayers and taxpayers. And now we may glance for a moment at some few of the children on whom these cramping and bewildering educational superfluties are inflicted. Last year's most brilliant report was written by one Mr. T. Marchant Williams. No more suggestive document was ever printed; and, although it was unaccountably suppressed by the London School

Board, we are able to quote from a chance copy which was not barked :—

SCHOOL A.

This school is supported by 313 families, 182 of which live (each) in one room only.

No. of families, two in a family, living in one room only	2
" three " " "	12
" four " " "	27
" five " " "	67
" six " " "	31
" seven " " "	20
" eight " " "	14
" nine " " "	9
Total	182

SCHOOL B.

This school is supported by 487 families, 400 of which reside (each) in one room only.

No. of families, two in a family, living in one room only	106
" three " " "	133
" four " " "	91
" five " " "	49
" six, and upwards " "	21
Total	400

SCHOOL C.

This school is supported by 339 families, 289 of which reside (each) in one room only.

No. of families, two in a family, living in one room only	14
" three " " "	50
" four " " "	70
" five " " "	91
" six " " "	38
" seven " " "	17
" eight " " "	9
Total	289

Ten are orphans, 10 are children of fathers who have deserted their homes, 69 are the children of widows, 6 are the children of fathers who are undergoing penal servitude. It would be mere impertinence to expand or make lengthened comment on these terrible figures. To such children we are trying to teach drawing, and history, and the rest; on such children we are bestowing educational superfluities. It does not seem quite wise. Some men are already tempted to despair when they think of such facts as those we have given; but there is no reason for despair. A little common sense, and a little contempt of benevolent platitudes are all that we require. Too much has been attempted; we should recognize the truth and try simplification before it is too late.

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

ONE is used to hearing as an ordinary exclamation of everyday life, "How small the world is!" To get out of the reach of the circle of one's friends and acquaintances is a work of almost superhuman difficulty. On the summit of Cotopaxi one finds oneself face to face with Jones of the Admiralty, and under the palm groves of Otaheite one is hailed by the strident voice of Smith. But though the world is so small a place and solitude so impossible to find, it is remarkable how many things occur in our immediate neighbourhood of which we are profoundly ignorant. We may know the exact number of moral pocket-handkerchiefs and flannel-waistcoats that have been exported to Borioboolaga, and at the same time be altogether ignorant of what is being done in the lane behind our house. As a rule, we know nothing of the lives, the aims, the sorrows, the joys, the occupations of the immense populations with whom we share this great city. Here in the West-End the inhabitants are but a small and numerically insignificant item in comparison to the millions of the South, East, and Centre; yet in the principal daily papers the only mention made of the latter is the record of crime at the various police-courts. The readers of these papers would, no doubt, feel considerably surprised if they were to find under the heading of "Places of Amusement" a list of the entertainments at Rotherhithe and Bermondsey, at Shoreditch and Whitechapel. Perhaps their surprise would be much increased if they could know how large a place music has in all the amusements of the poor.

It has often been said that the English are not a musical nation. This remark has a considerable show of truth on its side. England has not had for a considerable period any distinct school of music of its own. The well-known English airs are nearly all very old; the best amongst them date back to perhaps the sixteenth century. From that time down to the present English music of a distinctive character has been, practically speaking, non-existent. National music, such as is possessed by Germany, Spain, Italy, and Ireland in so marked a degree, is not to be found in England. Whether the efforts that have been and are being made to develop musical instincts amongst the people will bear fruit and raise a distinct type of popular music, something better than a music-hall song, remains to be seen. Many enthusiasts believe it will; and, if such a success is arrived at, posterity will have something left with which to sweeten the memory of this terribly practical nineteenth century. Without, however, indulging in so far a look into the future, one may certainly congratulate the various musical Societies on the good results they have already attained. The English may not be a musical nation *per se*, but it is a pleasant fact to find that they are able to appreciate good music when they can get it. They are also capable of distinct discrimination between good and bad. "Lend me

thine ear" has not been said to them in vain. Few things can be more utterly disheartening to a nervous singer at an East-End or South London concert than the dead silence of disapproval which follows doubtful singing. Cat-calls would be more tolerable, a storm of hisses would be a positive relief, to the dead-blank silence, broken after a pause by some small attempt at clapping on the part of the occupants of the front line of seats. They may be touched by the forlorn expression of the unfortunate singer, who bows and smiles in a sickly way before retiring from the platform; but the gods have no pity. They have paid their money to hear good singing and music, and they see no reason why they should not make it perfectly plain when they do not think they are getting their money's worth. They resent poor singing as a personal offence; for they imagine it implies that they are not capable of knowing the difference between a good and bad performance. But, if they are open in their signs of disapproval, they are equally ready to show their pleasure. They burst out into applause between each verse as if they could not help it, for it is instantly hushed for fear of losing a note of what follows; every person in the vast hall, crowded as it is, seems condensed into nothing but eyes and ears, and at the close of the last verse there is a unanimous sort of sigh of satisfied delight, which, with the thunders of applause that follow it, are something not likely to be forgotten by the favoured singer. If allowed, they would have an "encore" to everything that pleases their fancy, and even an encore of an encore is sometimes insisted upon in a manner there is no denying. The length of a concert by no means appals an East-End audience. With them there is no question of "going on" to some other entertainment nor of "keeping the carriage horses waiting." The more they can get of music which pleases them, the better they are satisfied, and if the concert has been a good one in their eyes, or rather ears, "God save the Queen" always seems to come before it is wanted. Their taste in music, as a rule, is decidedly sound, and by degrees, under the influence of the various Societies who provide music for the people, a love for certain kinds of classical music is being developed. Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn" or Handel's "Honour and Arms" will always evoke far greater enthusiasm than such ballads as "Lord Mayor Whittington" or "Mary of Argyll." As a rule, however, ballad music of a good kind is the most popular. Anything declamatory, anything dramatic, a story in song, will always find favour. The words of each song are printed at full length in the programme, and a most noticeable evidence of the interest taken is shown when a page has to be turned in the middle of a song. The rustling that ensues for a few seconds is like the crackling of dead autumn leaves under foot. Few greater compliments of an implied character can be paid by one of these audiences to a singer than a general indifference to and relinquishing of the programmes. A known favourite will generally receive this mark of favour. The audience know by experience they will hear every word he or she sings, and they are too anxious to listen with their eyes as well as their ears to have time to read their programmes. A fact worth noticing with an East-End audience is, that the more miserable a song makes them, the better they like it. Of this there is no sort of doubt; songs that tell of early death, of bitter partings, of shipwrecks, of sad memories, of regrets, of all things that are saddest in the world, seem to give them intense delight. To judge by the frantic and continued applause that greets songs of this description, one may truly say that, to please a South or East Londoner, one must begin by making him unhappy. To harrow his feelings is perhaps the surest way to his musical affections. This is all the more strange when one remembers that the music most easily within his reach consists of the songs of the music-halls which, among their numerous attractions, have not yet tried the one of making their audience sorrowful. The fact remains, though unexplained, that fictitious sorrow will please where fictitious joy falls flat. Perhaps it is that these poor people know by experience more of the former than the latter; and a song that brings home to them the belief that sorrow has a nobler lesson to teach than joy, comes as a ray of sunshine to gild the hardships of their lot. If through the means of music one can succeed in raising their minds from the dull level of their everyday round of toil, suffering, and endurance, it is no small step in the right direction. Even if the gleam be but transient, it may help to make their "set grey lives" a little more bright. The Societies, therefore, which are formed to give the people this mental sunshine as often as possible, are working in a good way to reclaim to civilization the lost tribes of the South and East of London. Their methods are different, though their end is the same. The People's Entertainment Society gives free concerts, to which the people are only admitted by tickets distributed by the clergymen of the various parishes where the concerts take place, by the managers of factories, &c. Occasionally a paying concert is given at the special request of the inhabitants of the district where it takes place; but these are exceptions, the distinguishing feature of this Society being, that the public is only admitted, as it were, by personal invitation instead of by payment. This Society has established choirs which, under the name of the Metropolitan Choral Union, have performed at many of the concerts given by the Society. Amongst the many good features of this movement of providing music for the people, none is better than this one of establishing choral classes. Those established at Clerkenwell, Bermondsey, and elsewhere by the Popular Concert Ballad Committee have had the most unvarying success. Many, in fact most, of the pupils are ignorant of the very

alphabet of music, but by dint of good instruction and hard work their progress has been very rapid, and certainly proves the innate love of music which is in the English character. Instrumental classes have also been formed, and have had the same success. The delight of the girls when they found that they were allowed, as well as the boys, to learn to play the violin, was almost absurd, and at Bermondsey that instrument bears away the palm as the favourite of the pupils. A great effort is being made by the Committee to provide the pupils with cheap instruments which they can keep at home and practise on. It is easy to see the good these classes must do to the young people. Not only the love of good music must have an elevating and refining influence upon young minds at the very time when they are most open to receive impressions, but the necessity of practice, stimulated by competition and emulation, will keep them at home or at the class-room many a night when they would otherwise be roaming the streets or hanging about public-houses. And who shall say that to send forth music by the voices of children into the homes of the London poor may not do something towards revivifying that love of home life which of late years, owing to many deplorable causes, has grown so faint?

BENGAL LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

IF Lord Ripon had not managed to absorb public attention by two measures, one the Ilbert Bill, and the other, called the Extension of Self-Government but more correctly the abdication of our responsibilities as governors of India, his policy regarding such vast subjects as occupancy, rent, and the position of landlord to tenant, must have attracted notice. But he has so cleverly contrived to offend the unofficial community by attempting to deprive them of a very just and reasonable privilege, and to disgust the district officers by depriving them of a portion of their work which is pleasant to themselves and profitable to the State, that little has been said about the new Rent Bill for Bengal. In ordinary times we should despair of conveying to English readers a just idea of the position held respectively by the Government of India, by the Zemindar, and by the Ryot; of familiarizing the average householder with the ordinary phraseology of landed interests in Bengal; of showing under what conditions rent has hitherto been levied and enhanced; and of proving that the high position, the wide influence, and the numerous manorial privileges of the landholder are by no means inconsistent with freedom of cultivation, and, in theory at least if not in practice, with that security of possession on the part of the tenant which is tantamount to a sort of ownership in the soil. But a generation which finds time to listen to the woes of Irish landlords on the one hand and to the wail of Highland crofters on the other, may spare a few moments for the antagonism of Ryot and Zemindar in Bengal and Behar. We start by affirming that, while the Ilbert Bill has been proved to be absolutely unnecessary and wanton, and the Bill for the Development of Self-Government, as it is called, is nothing less than a political abdication of the first duties of the ruling race, a Rent Bill in some shape or other has lately become a measure not to be put off to a more convenient season. No just regret at the revival of antipathies of colour and race, no amazement at the recklessness and obstinacy of the Indian Government, no detection of the party feeling barely concealed under the placid assurance of politicians that on all Indian topics Lord Lytton might to them be a perfect Whig and Lord Ripon an absolute Tory, ought to blind us to the struggle that for the last ten years has been going on in Bengal and Behar. It is more perilous than the oppression which led to the Rent Act of 1859 or to the Indigo Commission of 1860. In it are involved the welfare and contentment of the agriculturists of a vast and populous kingdom dependent almost entirely on agriculture. The guarantees given by Courts of Directors, Lieutenant-Governors, and successive English statesmen, are at stake. Even the Zemindars, when confronted by the determination of bodies of tenants no longer to submit to exactions, and to pay only their lawful rents, have reluctantly admitted that "something must be done." It is idle to talk of enlisting natives of character and ability in the work of local government, of placing in their hands conservancy, sanitation, and the construction of roads and bridges, while the main elements of Oriental society are threatened with dissolution, and one of the primary functions of an alien but beneficent Government is unperformed. We start by saying deliberately, after a careful perusal of two large Blue-books, a draft Act of two hundred and thirty clauses besides schedules and appendices, and some excellent speeches on both sides of the question made on the introduction of the Bill in March 1883, that a revised and improved edition of the famous Act X. of 1859 has become a paramount obligation. To prove this we cannot help going back nearly a century; in fact, to the origin of the revenue and rent system of Bengal, Behar, and a part of Orissa. When our first administrators were settling down to their task of ruling a land to which they had been admitted as merchants, they very properly did not discard the principles and maxims of their predecessors, the Moguls. To pay revenue or land-tax to the ruling powers is always the evidence of loyalty and the guarantee for order. And the first duty of any Power, native or foreign, is to say when, by whom, and under what conditions this tax is to be paid. We found that the Nawabs or Lieutenants of Akbar,

Jehangir, and Shah Jehan, who under later Emperors were virtually independent of Delhi, had been in the habit of collecting the dues of Government from a set of men termed Zemindars. In several cases these Zemindars had sway over large portions of the Lower Provinces, and had enjoyed power and privilege long before the first Mohammedan mosque had risen side by side with the Hindu temple, or the first shrine of the Pir had attracted Mussulman devotees. Of this kind were the Rajas of Nuddea, of Tippera, and of Bishenpore; and later in date there arose the princely houses of Burdwan, Beerbhoom, Nattore, and Durbhanga. But where such great personages did not exist it was not unnatural to supply the deficiency by appointing farmers of the revenue, or even by putting up the land-tax of certain districts to public auction. When Olive, Verelst, Cartier, and Warren Hastings began to lay the foundations of law, order, and civil government by a fair assessment of the revenue, they employed as agents in the collection both the old Rajas and the hereditary Zemindars, as well as farmers of the revenue, who might be Hindus, Mohammedans, or Englishmen. This stage continued for about twenty years, or from 1772 to 1793. Settlements were made for periods of five years; collectors were being gradually trained to understand the mysterious terms connected with an Indian Zemindary, the privileges and position of the Zemindar, and the substantial interest which the Ryot had in the soil. Then came a time of stricter inquiries and of long reports. Something was done to ascertain the capabilities of divers districts, and very much was written in favour of Settlements for periods and Settlements in perpetuity. At length Lord Cornwallis, with the approval of the Court of Directors, put an end to all discussion by a series of manifestoes, which took the form of the Laws of 1793, embodying the principles of the Permanent Settlement, and establishing revenue agencies or collectorates, and judicial courts all over the country.

That statesman took the Zemindars as he found them—ancient Rajas whose blue blood could be traced from times when Ayodha flourished and Kanauj was not a heap of ruins; later Mohammedan adventurers, who had supplanted Hindu nobles; tax collectors in whose families the office had become hereditary; and men of yesterday, who had engaged to collect the revenue of estates when the natural incumbents declined the responsibility, and were quite content to accept a sort of subsistence allowance calculated at ten per cent. on the collections. All these different classes were included in the title of Zemindars, and the areas for which they became responsible for the land-tax were termed estates. Lord Cornwallis assured them that no further increase would ever be demanded on the assessment fixed by Shore and himself for ten years provisionally, and then confirmed for ever; and he added that, as long as they paid their dues with punctuality, they would never be ousted or sold up. As far as language can make thought clear, as far as intentions can be deduced from ordinary phrases, or as far as theory can be confirmed by subsequent practice and experience, it is absolutely certain that Lord Cornwallis never invested them with complete ownership as we understand and apply this term in England and Scotland. He even contemplated a sort of dual ownership. He distinctly recognized the existence of other classes, whom he termed "dependant Talukdars, Ryots, and other cultivators of the soil." He reserved to himself and to his successors, by the clearest and most emphatic warning, the power to intervene at any time for the above dependant or inferior proprietors, should they need the protection of the law. And no reliance on loose and inaccurate expressions about "estates" and ownership, rights and "property," to be culled here and there from the Code of 1793, can convert a Zemindar into the likeness of an English squire, or justify us in comparing a Bengal Raja to either of those great chiefs of rival parties who have recently forced the public to admit that English aristocrats can excellently expound the duties and rights of landlords to tenants in the country, and propose a plan for bettering the dwellings of the poor who inhabit great towns. By all but the most obstinate partisans the theory of English ownership, once or twice claimed for the Rais and Choudaris of Bengal, is now given up. We could go further and show from the Regulations passed after 1793 and in the beginning of this century, that for years subsequent to the Permanent Settlement the Zemindars of Bengal were kept in leading-strings. They were not allowed to grant leases of sub-tenures beyond a certain term of years. Many restrictions were put on that sale and subdivision of estates which would naturally follow on the establishment of peace and order, or from the Hindu law of inheritance, partnership, and subdivision. The Zemindars were expected to confirm the Ryots in their holdings by giving them written titles for their plots; they were to be bound by the terms of such documents; and there was a general tacit understanding that, while the Zemindar was to improve his estates, clear jungle, and extend agriculture, the Ryot was not to be evicted or changed as long as he paid the customary rent.

There is no one law, series of Regulations, or Blue-book, or manual from which the actual position, rights, and privileges of a Zemindar can be deduced or wherein they are clearly and absolutely defined. They are, however, to be found here and there in the laws passed between 1793 and 1859, the year of the great Rent Act, in judicial decisions of the old Sudder and the present High Court of Calcutta, notably in that known as the rent case of 1865, and in that unwritten law and custom of the country which statutes try to embody, and which neither Collector nor Magistrate nor lord of great manors can wholly override. The following sketch will show what a Zemindar may do and still keep the

windy side of the law. In the first place, he is entitled to a certain amount of rent from every portion of his Zemindary or Taluk tenanted by sub-proprietors, middlemen, mechanics, squatters, or artisans. The Bengal theory is that, as a given area with distinct boundaries constitutes an estate and is liable to the Government demand, so every resident and cultivator within that area is liable to pay a quota of rent to make up the revenue. Not only is the Zemindar at liberty at once to dispossess any rent-free tenant claiming under a grant of later date than 1793; but he can also sue in the Civil Court to cancel any ostensible rent-free title of any date or age, not covered by a genuine and valid deed given by some authority that had power to confer it. No prescription avails against a demand for ordinary rent, and no mere squatter, though he had cultivated unnoticed for the full limitation of twelve years which would bar any other action, can maintain a claim to sit without payment. All waste land belongs, as far as any land can belong to one person, to the Zemindar, who can cultivate by his own servants, or hand it over to cultivating tenants. All plots and homesteads vacated by death without heirs, by famine, pestilence, inundation, or oppression, revert to the Zemindar. Besides the ordinary rent due from the arable land and the homestead, from the rice-field and the garden, the Zemindar can exercise rights of fishing or give fishing leases in rivers, marshes, and lakes. He has a portion of whatever the jungle or the uncleared forest produces; trees cannot be cut without his permission; and when marshes silt up by the deposit brought down in the countless affluents and distributaries of the Ganges and become fitted for the plough, the new formation receives a tenant at the pleasure of the Zemindar. No right of fishing in a lake which by some slow process or some sudden freak of nature has become suitable for the spade and the mattock, can give to the fisherman any title to the land, though he and his family had set nets and weirs there for a century. In the discussions which preceded the Perpetual Settlement, it was for some time a grave question whether large markets for wholesale and retail—known locally as the *Gunje*, the *Haut*, and the *Bazaar*—were to be considered the separate property of the Government or were to form part of the Zemindar's estate. It was at length decided that they were part of the Zemindary assets. The Zemindar is entitled by custom having the force of law to levy a higher rate of rent on all the better kinds of produce, and on every shop and dwelling-house in a bazaar which contains thousands of inhabitants and is the centre of exchange for hundreds more of adjacent villagers; and he only can at pleasure set up new bazaars or *Hauts*. He can dig reservoirs, or allow them to be dug, cut canals to drain swamps, and make village and cross roads to serve as feeders to the highways. He can prevent the tenant from cutting valuable fruit and timber trees, or at least he can impose a cess or levy a fine for the permission to cut. This is not based on the theory that the Zemindar planted the trees or that the Ryot planted them for the Zemindar's sole use and benefit, but on the leading principle which pervades the whole law on the subject—viz. that nothing tending to reduce the extent or value of the land and its capacity for paying a certain rent as a contribution to the revenue, can or ought to be done without the authority of the landlord. The same reasoning applies to new tanks or roads, for which the Zemindar's consent is necessary. The cultivable area of the estate is diminished when a road is cut or a tank dug; and to this diminution, however advantageous to the community, the consent of the Zemindar is required. Then the same person, now freed from the restrictions of the early legislation of this century, can grant leases for a term of years of areas embracing twenty, fifty, and a hundred villages and square miles of rice-field, swamp, garden, and bazaar, with all rights and privileges appertaining thereto. In some cases the lessee may be a native more acute and enterprising than the Zemindar himself. In others he may be an Englishman who seeks the prestige inseparably connected with land, in order to grow indigo or to carry out some other commercial end. The Zemindar can also charge his estate with permanent sub-infeudations, called *puttunis*. In this case the grantor becomes by his own action a mere rent-charger on his own lands, and the Puttunidar, for all practical connexion with village and agricultural life, becomes the Zemindar. By a law specially passed some sixty years ago to regulate dealings with these sub-infeudations down to the second and third degree, the Zemindar has no need to institute any suit, summary or regular, for rent against a defaulting Puttunidar. Four times in the year the Zemindar himself is liable to see his estate put up to auction and sold to the highest bidder if he defaults in his dues to Government; and, in his turn, twice in the year, without court pleadings or note of preparation, he may in the same way put up and sell the tenure of a recusant Puttunidar. One thing, however, he must not do. If he divides his estate with brothers and partners or sells a portion privately, due care must be taken that in the division or separation of the land each distinct portion shall bear its proper share of the revenue. There must be no unfair halving of the advantages and the burdens, as in the classical instance recorded by Tacitus of two chieftains in Thrace, who were in the exact position of our tributary Rajas in India. One got the jungly and barren and the other the cultivated land. Any area registered in the collectorate as an estate must bear its proper proportion to the whole of the original demand. The fundamental notion is that in all contingencies the Government dues fixed in perpetuity must be secured against collusion, trickery, and loss by all possible legal and judicial safeguards.

In the above view the Zemindar of Bengal, if not in the position of an English landed proprietor, has with his obligations great prestige, privilege, and power. Given his right to rent from every cultivated acre, to fisheries and forest and swamp, to new lands rising out of the marsh or cleared from the jungle, to an octroi in large and populous bazaars crowded with every article of produce that supplies the food and the few luxuries of a rustic population—given his power to cancel invalid rent-free tenures and to impeach for waste; and then add to these solid advantages a knowledge of law and procedure, the command of money and good legal advice, and the indefinable but well-understood consequence conferred by his position between the Government and the Ryot, it may well be asked what, on the other hand, is the status of that Ryot; what may he lawfully call his own; and what protection, with or without self-reliance or combination, does he find in the past pledges of English statesmen and the present administration of a select Civil Service? This, the other side of the vital question, we may explain hereafter.

RECITALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE first of a series of nine recitals by Mr. Clifford Harrison was given last Saturday at the Steinway Hall. A varied programme enabled the reciter to display to advantage versatile talent and a considerable range of expression. In delivery he makes free use of action, but never to excess; he is rightly content to regard it as auxiliary to the voice, the means by which impersonation acquires perfection and finish of vraisemblance. In fine quick changes of gesture, in the slightest shades of expression, and in all those delicate touches which are felt as much as detected, and indicated facially as well as vocally, Mr. Harrison showed genuine histrionic ability and the sensibility of an artist. In Stone's "Knight of Intercession" and Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" Mr. Harrison's success was very striking. The touching story of the knight who rode, vizard down, through the world, taking no reward of those he benefited but the promise that they would pray for his proud lady-love, who denied him grace, was told by Mr. Harrison with exquisite grace and feeling. In the bare narrative his elocution was excellent; but when he told how the news of the poor knight's death was brought to the lady who had scorned but secretly loved him, the dramatic situation was presented with instantaneous force. Whittier's little poem is, in expression, like many of his ballads—simple, direct, almost homely. It is possible to read it without experiencing any great emotion, still more possible that it should be read—and well read—without producing such a result; but it is quite impossible, we think, to have heard Mr. Harrison's interpretation without being stirred to the depths by its passion and pathos and exaltation of patriotism. For his chief essay in humour Mr. Harrison chose Theodore Hook's "Practical Joke," and gave to it an excellently humorous rendering. The reciter's versatility was also well displayed in a spirited declamation of "The Revenge," by Tennyson, in the quiet, dry humour of Bret Harte's "Dow's Flat," and in Mr. Clement Scott's "Women of Mumbles Head." In "The Raven" Mr. Harrison was most impressive in the two stanzas beginning "Prophet, said I, thing of evil," where he got over the difficult suddenness of the passion by his clever simulation and the broken, troubled chords of the piano accompaniment. We must note, too, Mr. Harrison's use of the piano in "The Knight of Intercession," where a plaintive melody and the recurrence of certain chords were happily introduced.

Mr. Brandram began a new series of readings on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms with a remarkable rendering of *A Christmas Carol*. The series is to include scenes from *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and miscellaneous selections. Mr. Brandram has lost nothing of his old charm and power and astonishing memory; his reading of Dickens's work was wonderfully fresh and vivid. In none of his performances have we been more struck with the beauty and finish of his articulation. In those passages of the story where quiet narration follows impersonation and action, these admirable qualities of his elocution were excellently shown. In the *Christmas Carol* the reciter displays more of the movement and pantomime of action than is usual with him; and in the scene where Scrooge is confronted with his own tombstone, and also in his final interview with Bob Cratchit, his demonstration was a little excessive. Nothing, however, could be better than his reading of the humorous scenes, such as the dance at the Fezziwigs and the immortal dinner at the Cratchits'. The reality and nature, the fidelity of voice and expression and gesture, the spontaneity, with which these incidents were given have never been exceeded by Mr. Brandram.

Interest in readings seems to have kept pace with the awakening public sense of the educational importance of the art of speaking and reading. Elocution is now a generally recognized branch of study, and if it has not attained the position in the scheme of education which is its due, it is yearly receiving more consideration. To feel how neglected is this noble art we have not only to listen to the speech we have about us daily—the average oratory of the House of Commons, the pulpit, the treatment of blank verse at the theatres, afford lamentable instances. In a little brochure before us

styled *The Art of Speaking; or, the Principia of Vocal Delivery*, by Mr. Harold Ford (London and Manchester: John Heywood), we find indicated with perfect truth the cause of this unpleasant fact. Most people assume that effective speaking is no more an art than good reading, that people are born good readers or speakers. What they mean is, that some are born with eloquence and quick apprehension, which alone, however, will never render them good speakers or readers. This primary truth is most lucidly set forth by Mr. Ford. His little manual is practical, sensibly written, and well proportioned; the rules and examples given should prove useful aids to those under tuition, and to people who indulge in the passion for mastering principles for themselves. Excellent encouragement is given by Mr. Ford to all who conceive modestly of their vocal organs, without having ever afforded them the advantage of training.

Mr. Charles Du-Val, who gives his entertainment at St. James's Hall, is an entertainer of the good old-fashioned kind, though his method is quite his own. "Odds and Ends" is the title of a variety entertainment in which the performer presents with great success a number of humorous characters that involve strongly varied contrasts and rapid transitions of costume. His aim is to amuse, and he succeeds admirably. In these portentous times, when the shadow of the Georgian democracy and a hundred attendant crazes threaten us with universal dullness, Mr. Du-Val's entertainment should be welcomed, especially by all who remember, with a sense of grim irony, one ancient characteristic of our country. Though we have little leisure to grow fat, we may still laugh and correct the serious tendency of our days with such whimsical impersonations as Professor Dulbore and Betsy Scrubbe, which indeed are excellent alternatives, as the medical men say. Mr. Du-Val's happy disguises and surprises, his pleasant humours and ready quips, should be quite as beneficial to the dyspeptic as the lights and glitter of the theatre, or the flinging of a stone—remedies so earnestly advocated by the ingenious Mr. Green in his witty poem of "The Spleen." There is no doubt about the heartiness of the laughter Mr. Du-Val provokes; it has all the contagious force of genuine merriment; in Professor Dulbore's scientific lecture the least elevation of the savant's eyebrow, and the slightest drop of the mouth, arouse those curious isolated outbursts, so full of individuality and so pleasant to hear, that fill the pauses in the general laughter like the explosion that follows the surrender of a long-held citadel. In truth, the lecture is irresistibly funny. Not less good, in another style, are the female impersonations. Mrs. Clearstarch, the laundress, who has had "fifteen childer and brought 'em up respectable," and who, in a moment, is transformed into Miss Dashaway, the belle of the ball, shares the honours with her successor. The young lady's singing of a parody of "Beautiful Star" is one of the cleverest illusions in the programme. Better than these, more racy, more complete and distinct, is the maid of all work, Betsy Scrubbe. Another notable feature in the entertainment is Mr. Pallette's exhibition of portraits, where the faces of prominent public characters are very cleverly imitated. The entertainment is altogether remarkable for its versatile humour, the never-failing spirits of the unassisted impersonator, and a commendable freedom from vulgarity.

NELL GWYNNE AT THE AVENUE—PAW CLAUDIAN AT TOOLE'S.

WHILE listening to M. Planquette's new comic opera *Nell Gwynne* at the Avenue Theatre the hearer will often be struck by the thought that such graceful music deserved a better book—a notion which will occasionally be weakened as M. Planquette degenerates into the commonplaces of the lighter French school. The book is certainly a very poor one, hovering as it does between *opéra comique* and *opéra bouffe*, with few good points from either. In spite of all that can be said against "pretty witty Nell," it seems a sort of degradation to her to make her the heroine of so feeble a play as Mr. Farnie has here constructed. The plot is a parody of Flotow's *Marta*, though a new motive is given for making Nell follow in the footsteps of the Lady Henrietta. Here Nell hires herself a waiting-maid at an inn, because the inn is kept by the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester, who are in disgrace at Court, and thus beguile the period of their banishment; and Nell's desire is to charm the Duke, who has refused her a part in a new play he has written. She wants to convince him that she can act, sing, and dance, and this leads to an effective scene in the third act. But there is also a first act, and likewise a second act, which are padded out in a way that would be insufferable but that where the author flags the composer often comes to the rescue. Episodes are clumsily joined on to the thin thread of the story; the second act is wholly taken up with farcical business arranged after the fashion of modern *opéra bouffe*, and bearing little or no relation to the matter in hand. Then, again, the introduction of Nell Gwynne has caused the author to introduce Buckingham and Rochester, and these parts fall into the hands of two worthy young players who cannot be supposed by the wildest flights of fancy to bear any sort of resemblance, in speech, manner, or bearing, to those whose titles they assume. Any other name would have suited the piece as well as *Nell Gwynne* suits it, and any other names would have suited Buckingham, Rochester, and the unconsciously comic Charles very much better. There are at the Avenue two low comedians, and it was in the first place essential that they should be fitted with comic

parts, or with parts as comic as they could be made. As the representative of stolid, self-satisfied stupidity Mr. Lionel Brough is always exceedingly funny; so he is made into an anonymous Beadle, and it is only just to him to say that the part, which has no real connexion of any kind with the plot, is made laughable by Mr. Brough's humour. Mr. Arthur Roberts, a recruit from the music-halls, is gifted with a vein of vulgar fun, but no character for him grew naturally out of the author's scheme, so he is tacked on to the story as a pawnbroker, who is supposed to drive a flourishing trade in the village where the action is laid. All this is very trivial and clumsy. The quaintness of Mr. Brough apart, the comic business is felt to be sadly forced.

The honours of the work are unquestionably carried off by M. Planquette, whose melodious fancy, already shown in *Les Cloches de Corneville* and *Rip Van Winkle*, is here again very favourably, sometimes very charmingly, displayed. It has pleased Mr. Farnie to portray Nell Gwynne as a highly sensitive and delicate-minded girl, with visions of a noble life and a deep appreciation of art and beauty. This was not the idea Pepys formed of her when he notes that "to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange"; nor were the experiences of the evening when, in the girl's tiring-room, he heard Knipp her part in *Flora's Figgerys*, calculated to support Mr. Farnie's view. The result of it is, however, a well-written scene, "Only an Orange Girl," scored with much taste, and sung at the Avenue with no little dramatic force by Miss Florence St. John. The chief success of the score is in the second act. In a rustic rondo, "Ah! work-a-day life's hard, but at ev'ning all passes," M. Planquette has caught a happy echo from an earlier century. This is a delightful melody, half-tender, half-humorous, but wholly picturesque. It will be remembered when the opera, as a whole, is forgotten. The "Song of the Clock," which follows, is also a flowing and effective number, for the singing of which Miss Warwick, formerly a member of Mr. Carl Rosa's company, merits a word of praise. There is good writing, too, in the finales to the first and second acts. No scope for power is provided, and it is useless speculating what would be the result if M. Planquette were called upon to set a work dramatically stronger. Here he does all that is possible. There is no lack of melody, and his orchestration is agreeably varied and ingenious, while happily free from tricks, meaningless in themselves, and devised merely to arrest attention. The scene in which some excuse is made for dragging Nell Gwynne into the opera, where the "maid" shows her "master"—that is to say, the disguised Buckingham—that she can sing and dance, and could, in truth, adequately fill the part she desires him to find for her on the stage, is remarkably well done by Miss St. John, who sings with taste and dances the minuet, the pavane, and a merry jig to the air of "Green Sleeves" with evident zest, entering heartily into the situation. If the plot had not been so much obscured that the significance of all this is almost lost, the incident would be extremely telling. In spite of lapses, the work will enhance M. Planquette's reputation.

We have had no hesitation in expressing a decided opinion with regard to Mr. Burnand's recent burlesques; that opinion having been to the effect that they were, for the most part, utter rubbish. It is the more satisfactory therefore to be able to speak of his new burlesque, which was produced on Thursday night at Toole's Theatre, in terms of commendation. It may be described as a really humorous piece of work. Mr. Burnand, with a keen eye for fun, has watched Messrs. Wills and Herman's play; he has noted those points in it which were open to parody, and these he has treated with a real sense of burlesque. Those who sighed at *Ariel* will laugh at *Claudian*. That the piece is as good as it might be made is not to be asserted, but nevertheless in much it is good. Most of the principal characters of the play are introduced. Mr. Toole, his face strangely altered by a Roman or Claudian nose, has caught with considerable adroitness the manner of Mr. Wilson Barrett, his gait and movements, as he toys with Serena's hair or waves her feathered fan. Mr. Toole now and again speaks a line of the text as it is written, without missing two or three feet, or adding half a dozen; and this is something, for, quaint as the popular comedian always is, his ear for the rhythm of verse is very defective, and Mr. Burnand's lines seem to run smoothly. Serena—she is called Alserena in the burlesque—is a departure from the original, for she is shown as a strong-minded woman, the mother of a most commonplace boy instead of the beautiful child of the drama, and, far from being horror-stricken at her purchase by Claudian, she glories in the appraisal of her substantial charms. Mr. Ward, who has a decided capacity for burlesque, makes a really comic personage of the Holy Clement, here shown as a Cremoerne hermit; he sings a capital song, and the curse is amusingly parodied. Claudian—who has slain the hermit—is doomed to play his part for ever, while a little black attendant "shall grow up and play Othello." All this is very good fooling, and Miss Marie Linden as Almida—Almi-i-da is the daring but not very successful attempt of the author to make something out of the name—admirably sustains the fun of the skit. Her voice is the voice of Miss Eastlake, whom she closely resembles in attire, in the fashion of hair and in general bearing. The earnest pleading manner, the ardent adoration, which the Princess's Almida shows for Claudian is reproduced with precisely the correct amount of extravagance at Toole's. Mr. W. Brunton likewise follows the original Agazil with good results. The earthquake is not well done or diverting. When fun depends on the stage carpenter, and it is here made to do for lack of fun

in other quarters, the effect is rarely striking. The pillars of the chamber where Claudian and Almida are conversing give way, and comic heads replace the capitals. Claudian is discovered, when the lights are turned on, in a four-post bedstead; and the events of the play are supposed to have been a dream. Here the author's imagination has greatly flagged. In other places Mr. Burnand has contrived to show, both in his lines and in his treatment of incident, that the spirit of humour has revived in him.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

IT has often been our unpleasant duty to speak disparagingly of Mr. Long's pictures. When he painted single figures, such as the daughters of Saul, and a half-length in the Institute, his eye for colour seemed to have deserted him. It is therefore with a pleasure not unmingled with surprise that we notice the great work "Anno Domini" now being exhibited at 168 New Bond Street. In another room are "Merab, elder daughter of Saul" and "Michal," side by side with "A Question of Propriety," the gipsy dancing before the Inquisition, a picture which may be said to have founded Mr. Long's fame. It is therefore very possible to judge of his powers after a visit to this gallery alone; and their inequality will be found to be very striking. There is, in the gipsy picture, almost an excess of dramatic effect. Every face is individualized, and its expression carefully marked. At the same time the colour is brilliant and well arranged, and the composition is such that the story is plainly and naturally told. When we turn to the single figures all is changed. The faces are soft, and have a kind of sallow beauty, but without expression. The attitude and drawing are commonplace, the details very slight, and the drapery distinctly weak and without colour. When we remember how much of late Mr. Long has confined himself to this kind of work, and especially when we recall the half-finished details of "Egyptian Gods and their Makers," the brilliant colour, completeness, high finish, and easy composition of the "Anno Domini," our pleasure, as we have said, is mingled with surprise.

The design appears at first sight so simple that it is not until some time has been spent in study that its real complexity becomes apparent. In the foreground a little to the right is the Holy Family. The Mother holds her Child on her knee, and is seated on an ass, which, with head down and heavy footsteps, is driven by St. Joseph, a finely conceived figure. His robes are dark, but he has a yellow "kufieh" on his head which brings him well out. Immediately in the path of the Family is a despairing mother with a dying child lying across her lap. A little negress holds a figure of Osiris to its breathless lips. This is, as the catalogue points out, an allusion to the beautiful legend that, when the Holy Family went into Egypt, the Virgin restored to health a dying child by taking it into her arms, and that the child grew up and became a robber, and hung, as Dysmas, the repentant thief, on the cross at Calvary. In the middle is a pretty group of children playing in the dust, a group which may be seen any fine day in a native village on the banks of the Nile. One of them holds up a figure of Past, the Egyptian cat-headed Minerva of purity, but the Holy Family do not notice it. A little higher are sellers of sacred images and beads, and quite to the left is a very charming group, representing a young lover who is clasping a necklace round the throat of such a lovely girl as Mr. Long can easily paint when he pleases. At the opposite extremity some equally lovely faces adorn the leaders of a long procession. Each girl bears a sistrum, and cries out in honour of the golden Hathor, whose image is being carried in at the gigantic portals of a temple. The procession winds far into the background, a Roman in his chariot taking part in it, and other temples, with their pylons, catch the rays of the sinking sun. In the furthest distance are the pyramids glowing in the sunset, and a reach of the Nile gleams below. All the details are thoroughly worked out. We do not know whether the Egyptians of this period or any period actually used the sacred emblems of their divinities as they are here represented, and let children and slaves handle images of the gods. But the painter is perfectly justified in assuming the point for the purposes of his art; and we note with great satisfaction the care with which Mr. Long has studied the forms and colours of the smaller objects, as well as the great reliefs on the temples and the giant figures by the entrances. It is perhaps hypercriticism to complain, as a traveller who has visited Egypt may, that it would be impossible to get any group of pyramids and temples into exactly this position; for, though the front of On, or Heliopolis, faced the west, the nearest pyramids are at least ten miles off, and on the other side of the Nile. This is not the spirit in which to approach a noble picture, well thought out and carefully finished to the minutest particular—a picture to which we may point when a foreign critic tells us that high art is extinct in England.

Messrs. Goupil have a gallery full of good things at their new house in Bond Street. There are several old favourites by Corot, Millais, and others; but the great attraction is M. Le Febvre's "Psyche." A nude fair-haired girl, seated on a lofty rock, her yellow hair blown about by the wind, a serpent creeping towards her foot, a dark abyss before her—such is the picture. The modelling and drawing are all that can be expected from the great French school to which M. Le Febvre belongs; but the colour is a little cold, and the modelling wanting in the softness inseparable

from the idea of so youthful a figure. In short, whether the artist intended it or not, Psyche seems to be shivering as she waits for the Stygian ferryman. In the same room is a fine picture by Rossetti, of the ordinary later type, a giantess in blue, with a swollen throat, distorted thumbs, and the other peculiarities of the artist—in fact, a very characteristic example. A fine Herkomer and an Israels are among the other prominent pictures.

Another small exhibition is also in New Bond Street. It is open at Mr. Dowdeswell's, and consists of a series of cathedral sketches, chiefly interiors, by Mr. Wyke Bayliss. There are both oil and water-colour pictures, unusually complete in the architectural and archaeological details. We cannot admire the "Sainte Chapelle" (23) as much, perhaps, as the skill evidenced in the painting deserves. The Chapel has been really rebuilt in living memory, and we cannot feel satisfied with the tawdry colouring and the dark crimson and steel-blue glass which were substituted for the beautiful thirteenth-century windows now at South Kensington. In "St. George's, Windsor" (39), the artist is at his best. The heraldry, the old transparency east window, and some other features now destroyed make this picture interesting as well as pretty. "Chartres Cathedral" (12) is very fine—the finest picture, perhaps, of all; but "Coutance" (11) comes very near it; and neither is injured by a spottiness to which Mr. Bayliss is sometimes given in his anxiety to preserve every architectural feature. Some of the pictures have sonnets appended to them in the Catalogue, presumably by the painter. One on Westminster Abbey is too good for the very cold and inadequate sketch to which it belongs. A large picture of St. Mark's at Venice (7) has been purchased by the Corporation of Nottingham; it is a grand work, but somewhat spoilt by want of room and by the pressure of so many other pictures by the same artist.

Mr. Pownoll Williams exhibits at Mr. McLean's, in the Haymarket, as on two former occasions, the results of a year's sketching in Italy and the Riviera. They are all in pure water-colour, and are as vigorous and direct as skill and rapidity of hand and eye can make them. Mr. Williams does not quite please us in his bluer pictures. It is impossible, as any one who has studied the Mediterranean must know, to assert that the strangest shades of purple and indigo may not occasionally appear; but surely these deep tones are not so frequent as Mr. Williams seems to think. But we have nothing but praise for "The Land of Roses," a noble flower-piece, or for the beautiful vine-leaves against a yellow sky entitled "Evening in a Venetian Garden," or for the view of Mentone, hung at the end of the room, and probably the most highly finished and important of all the sketches.

In a second edition Mr. Stephens has considerably altered and improved his annotated Catalogue of the Reynolds at the Grosvenor Gallery. Under No. 5 two important words are added to the sentence about the former exhibitions of this painter's works. A long note to No. 6, "Admiral Lord Anson," is inserted. The funny sentence in which Reynolds, Johnson, and Mrs. Abington were so curiously mixed up, as we noticed when the exhibition was opened, is left as it was, together with the erroneous date. Under No. 21, "The Dilettanti Society," we have an alteration for the worse. The sentence in the first edition stood thus:—"This picture was painted for the Society, but, if not all of the members, some of them severally paid Reynolds, each for his own portrait." This is, at least, intelligible. We have in the new edition this curious statement substituted:—"This picture and its companion were painted for the Society; each member being bound to present his own portrait, the whole were grouped in these cases." The groups in cases somehow suggest stuffed birds, but otherwise the meaning of the sentence escapes us. The statement that Miss Morris, who sat for "Hope nursing Love," was present at Reynolds's deathbed is repeated, although, as we pointed out, she was herself dead many years before. The names of the Countess Spencer's portraits are corrected. The "Young Lady, niece of Edmund Burke's Lawyer," is altered to "Young Lady, Miss Hickey, niece of Edmund Burke's Lawyer." To No. 177, "The Marchioness of Thomond, Mary Palmer, niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, sister of Mrs. R. L. Gwatkin," a note is now appended in which the mistake as to Miss Morris is repeated. The "publisher" is left out of the description of the portraits of the "Macklin Family." Long notes are added to "Muscipula"; to "Mrs. Siddons"; to "Miss Cholmondeley," which is now designated, in full, "Miss (Hester Frances) Cholmondeley, afterwards Lady Bellingham, 'Crossing the Brook';" to "Lord Althorp," "Mrs. Thrale," and several more, and could we but feel confidence in the accuracy of the details, they would add very much to the interest both of the catalogue and the exhibition.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE course of the money market during the past twelve months has been very abnormal. At the beginning of last summer, the season when the rate of interest payable for the use of capital in the short-loan market usually falls, the Directors of the Bank of England found themselves compelled to raise their rate of discount to 4 per cent. And they had to keep the rate at that figure until the beginning of the autumn, when under ordinary circumstances the rate of interest payable for the use of capital in the short-loan market would have risen. At the end of September, however, the

Directors found it expedient to reduce their rate of discount to 3 per cent. At that figure they kept it until last week, when they raised the rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., although we have now reached a period of the year when the value of money in the London market ought to be lower than in November or December. What is the cause of this curiously abnormal condition of the market? Trade is very dull, and all the indications point to increasing depression rather than to revival. At the same time there is no speculation. Consequently the demand for the use of loanable capital either by merchants or by speculators is exceedingly small. It might reasonably be expected, therefore, that the value of money would be low. But the internal causes affecting the market are overruled by external causes. As our readers are aware, the Bank of England holds the ultimate reserves of all the banks of the United Kingdom. Directly or indirectly those banks keep what passes for their reserve with the Bank of England, and upon the Bank of England, therefore, they have to draw in every emergency. The condition of the market, then, depends in the first place upon the amount of the reserve held by the Bank of England. But the Bank of England reserve itself depends upon the amount of gold held by the Bank. Now for several years past there has been a drain upon the gold held by the Banks of England and France. First on account of Germany, when she exchanged a silver for a gold currency; then on account of the United States, when they resumed specie payments; then on account of Italy, when it followed the example of the United States; and now a drain has set in on account of Australasia. The stock of gold held by the Bank, therefore, is much smaller than it was some time ago; so small, indeed, that the Directors of the Bank are obliged carefully to watch that it be not seriously diminished further. When, therefore, they see any reason to believe that a new drain is beginning, they are bound to adopt the only measure within their power for protecting their supply of gold; that is to say, to raise their rate of discount, and thereby increase the value of money in London. The step they took last week has now rendered the rate payable in the short-loan market of London higher than in any of the great Continental cities or New York. The first cause, then, of the enhancement of the value of money in London is the export of gold to Australia that has recently taken place.

How is it that gold has been sent from this country to Australia? Australia is a producer of gold, and hitherto has always been a seller of the metal. How is it that Australasian banks should have imported gold into England, and then exported it back again to the place of its production? To send it round the world in this way seems to be a very unprofitable business, and no doubt it must be so. That the banks have found themselves compelled to export gold notwithstanding the unprofitableness of the transaction is proof that they have not displayed very much foresight. Usually the value of the exports from this country to Australasia is much higher than the value of the imports of Australasian commodities into the United Kingdom. Consequently, the Australasian Colonies have to send gold here to make up the balance, every now and then borrowing to completely settle their account. But quite lately the position has temporarily changed so as to give the Australasian Colonies a command over the London money market, which they usually have not. There has been for several years past a very active speculation in the Australasian Colonies. The banks have lent money largely to "squatters" to buy their holdings, to "planters" to develop their sugar plantations, and generally they have increased largely their advances in every way. During the single year ended with September last the increase in their loans has amounted to over 7 millions sterling. But at the same time they have been allowing their supply of gold to diminish. The banks, of course, are able to make their advances to merchants and others only out of their deposits; that is to say, they themselves borrow in the first place the money they lend to their customers, and the deposits are repayable in gold. Some of our contemporaries have been pointing out that the coin reserves of the banks do not amount to one-eighth of their liabilities; but it is to be borne in mind that a large proportion of the deposits held by the Australasian banks are lodged with them for fixed periods of a year or more. They are not, therefore, repayable on demand, and consequently the banks are not bound to keep always a coin reserve to meet these deposits. Still it is evident from the fact that the banks have been obliged to send gold to Australasia that they felt their coin reserves to be insufficient. They had clearly been doing a risky business, using up their resources too fast without exerting themselves to replenish them, and they at length wakened up to the conviction that an accident might cause disaster. They have been enabled to send out gold to make up their reserves by a combination of favourable circumstances. The exports of wool from Australasia to this country are larger this year than last year; and at the same time the wheat harvest seems to be exceptionally good. It is estimated that the exports of wheat from the Australasian Colonies will this year exceed those of last year by about 6 millions sterling. There will, therefore, be a smaller debt due by the Australasian Colonies to this country than in past years. At the same time, the Governments and local authorities of the Australasian Colonies have during the past few months been borrowing very largely in the London money market, and the banks and mortgage Companies have also been borrowing deposits largely. The loans made to the Governments and the deposits received by the banks not only set off the debt due by the Australasian Colonies to this country, but leave in the hands of the banks a considerable surplus, which they are free

to employ as they please; and several of them, as already stated, have found it expedient to ship a portion of this surplus in gold to make up their coin reserves. The amount so sent in itself is not large; and had it been remitted to Paris, or to any other part of the Continent, it would have had little effect upon the London money market. But for some time past we have been depending upon Australasia alone for any considerable gold supply. Since the resumption of specie payment in the United States, the whole yield of the Californian mines has been retained at home. And, since the adoption of a gold currency by Germany, the whole yield of the Russian mines has been retained in Russia and Germany. We have, therefore, been dependent upon the Australasian mines for our gold supply. And the fact that the Australasian banks have begun to take gold from us and send it back to Australasia shows that for some time to come at least this supply will be cut off. But at all times there are demands of greater or less amounts upon the Bank of England for gold. London is the centre of the banking system of the world, and demands are constantly coming upon it for Egypt, the Continent, North and South America, and elsewhere, which have to be honoured. Moreover, there are always possibilities of accident of one kind or another. A considerable war might necessitate the remittance of large sums of gold to pay the troops and provide provisions. Or a panic in Paris or New York might lead to a drain of gold from London. The Directors of the Bank of England, therefore, knowing that their supply of gold is small, that they have kept it up for some months past in spite of an export of the metal of over $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling solely by withdrawing gold from the home circulation, and that they cannot hope for a fresh supply from Australasia for some time to come, felt it incumbent on them to adopt measures to protect their supply, and if possible to attract gold from the Continent or New York.

Some other causes have, no doubt, had their influence upon the minds of the Directors. Since the failure of Messrs. P. W. Thomas, Sons, & Co. there have been apprehensions in the City that other embarrassments would come to light. There may, perhaps, be little ground for these rumours. In any event they probably are a good deal exaggerated. But the fact that they exist has to be taken into account. For the moment a shock has been given to credit, banks are cautious how they act, and all who have large liabilities desire to strengthen themselves. Furthermore, there have been rumours of financial difficulties of various kinds in the provinces. Under these circumstances it is desirable that the Bank of England should increase its reserve. Whenever the Bank's reserve steadily decreases, the City becomes apprehensive. In its present temper, when it had come to see that for some time to come no fresh supply of gold could be expected, it would have easily fallen into alarm had the drain of gold been allowed to go on. Merely then as a means of restoring confidence the action of the Bank Directors is to be approved. Over and above all these causes, another influence has been tending to enhance the interest payable for loanable capital in the short loan market. When Mr. Lowe was Chancellor of the Exchequer he made a change in the collection of certain taxes which had for result to make the amount of taxes collected in the last quarter of the financial year much larger than in any other single quarter. As the taxes are paid into the Bank of England, the effect of this, so far as the money market is concerned, is to withdraw from all other banks of the country money that could be used in lending and discounting, and to transfer it to the control of the Bank of England. The other banks, therefore, have smaller resources than usual, and the Bank of England has larger resources. But the Bank of England usually charges a higher rate than the other banks; and, therefore, the mere fact that the Bank of England has a greater control over the money market than at other times tends to enhance the value of money. The Bank of England, of course, would not take advantage of this circumstance to raise its rate of discount. On the contrary, the Directors recognize that their privilege as bankers of the Government obliges them to give exceptional facilities at this season of the year to trade. But the fact, nevertheless, has enabled the Bank of England to act with greater effect upon the money market than it could at any other time. For the rates charged by the other banks being very nearly up to those charged by the Bank of England, when the Directors of the Bank of England found it expedient to raise their rate the other banks have been obliged to follow their example. The result is to make it more probable that the action of the Bank will be effective, and therefore that the Directors will not have again to raise their rate. But of course it is too soon yet to form any definite opinion upon that point.

REVIEWS.

HER MAJESTY'S "LEAVES."

THE reviewers can necessarily have little to say on these later "Leaves" from Her Majesty's journals. For in their style and general arrangement they are precisely similar to those in her former book, and every one has read the *Journal of a Life in the Highlands*. Nothing could be a more conclusive proof of its popularity than the immense circulation it has obtained in cheap

* *More Leaves from the Journal of the Life in the Highlands, from 1862 to 1882.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1884.

editions. And there are good reasons why it should have been permanently popular, independently of the notoriety assured by its authorship. It suggested to the many who are in the habit of feeling rather than thinking how Her Majesty has made herself universally beloved. It showed her in her home circle as the happy wife and mother, living and moving and sunning herself in the warm atmosphere of the affections. She felt the heavy cares and anxieties of her station; no doubt she had mourned the loss of some devoted servants; but till then she had been mercifully spared any crushing domestic bereavement. She had learned to lean, perhaps to lean too much considering the uncertainty of life, on the strong arm of a husband whose heart had always beat in unison with her own. It was to him she turned for advice in all circumstances, as he was the most cheerful and sympathetic of companions in the excursions both loved so well. Consequently in the former journal, from the beginning to the end, it was the Prince who was brought forward in every page; whose individuality in one form or another invariably lent those pages their gayest colouring. In the volume before us all is changed; the bright colours have faded out, and a long and lasting shadow has fallen over everything. The Queen, in her faithfulness to her beloved husband's memory, has striven to resume their former habits. She feels, as she told Dr. Norman Macleod, that changes of scene, with relaxation, are absolutely necessary if she is to fulfil the imperative duties of her station. She still goes on the long drives and rides through the most romantic scenery of the Highlands, and she is still happy in having affectionate daughters for companions. She can still endure her life, and can enjoy the beauties of nature. But an eternal sense of pain underlies superficial distractions, and the saddest associations are awakened when she revisits the most cherished scenes. Even when she makes acquaintance with picturesque spots where her husband had never been, she remembers how *he* would have delighted in all that excites her admiration. Such natural feelings must be altogether beyond the control of earnest natures that have attached themselves passionately, and it is a proof of the Queen's assurance of her subjects' sympathy that she has made no effort to conceal them. Yet, on the other hand, there is no morbid indulgence in grief; she not only perseveres in the recreations that may often be more trying than actual tasks, but her practical charity has been quickened by her own heartfelt afflictions. We see her by the bedsides of the sick and dying, as we meet her at the funerals of the relatives of her faithful servants; and she is just as ready to take a part in their homely merry-makings—to look on at a Highland dance or be present at a cottage christening. But our readers will probably be grateful to us if we pass on, to give some variety of extracts from the Journal.

The first of the entries, dated in August 1862, strikes the keynote of the tone of the melancholy which pervades the volume. It describes the writer's feelings when she had driven up the hills on Deeside in her pony chaise to examine the cairn which was being built in memory of her husband. "I actually drove in the little carriage to the very top, turning off from the path and following the track where the carts had gone. Grant and Duncan pushed the carriage behind. Sweet baby (Beatrice) we found at the top. The view was so fine, the day so bright, and the heather so beautifully pink—but no pleasure, no joy! all dead!"

And here at the top is the foundation of the Cairn—forty feet wide—to be erected by my precious Albert, which will be seen all down the valley. I and my poor six orphans all placed stones in it; and our initials, as well as those of the three absent ones, are to be carved on stones all round it. I felt very shaky and nervous.

A few days afterwards, on the anniversary of the Prince's birthday, she makes a pilgrimage to the "Old Cairn"; and the remarks of one of the gillies in attendance show the respectful freedoms she encourages in her "loyal Highlanders," especially when she knew them to have been attached to the Prince:—

We went to see the obelisk building to his dear memory; Bertie left us there, and we went on round by the village, up Craig-Gowan in the little carriage, over the heather till we reached near to the old cairn of 1852. Grant said:—"I thought you would like to be here to-day on his birthday"—so entirely was he of opinion that this beloved day, even the 5th of December, must not be looked upon as a day of mourning. "That's not the light to look at it." There is so much true and strong faith in these good, simple people.

The visit paid in the following autumn to the Duke of Athole at Blair was a sad meeting on both sides:—

The Duchess was much affected, still more so when she got into the carriage with me. Lenchen and the others went in the boat-carriage, the one we had gone in but two years ago. We drove at once to the house which we had visited in such joyful and high spirits (October 9) two years ago. The Duchess took me to the same room which I had been in on that day; and, after talking to me a little of their dreadful affliction (the Duke was suffering from an incurable illness), she went to see if the Duke was ready. She soon returned, and I followed her downstairs along the passage, full of stage-horns, which we walked along, together with the poor Duke, in 1861. When I went in, I found him standing up, very much altered; it was very sad. He kissed my hand; gave me the white rose which, according to tradition, is presented by the Lords of Athole on the occasion of the Sovereign's visit; and we sat a little time with him. It is a small room, full of his rifles and other implements and attributes of sport, now for ever useless to him. A sad, sad contrast; he seemed very much pleased and gratified. . . . The poor Duke insisted on going with me to the station, and he went in the carriage with the Duchess and me. At the station he got out, walked about, and gave directions. I embraced the dear Duchess, and gave the Duke my hand, saying, "Dear Duke, God bless you!" He had asked permission that his men, the same who had gone with us through the glen on that happy day two years ago, might give me a cheer, and he led them on himself. Oh! it was so dreadfully sad. To think of

the contrast to this time two years ago, when my darling was so well and I so happy with him, and just beginning to recover from my great sorrow for dearest mama's death—looking forward to many more such delightful expeditions; and the poor Duke then full of health and strength, walking the whole way.

The next visit to the widowed Duchess was in her cottage in the beautiful grounds of Dunkeld. In the getting there and the going back there was more excitement, as there was more roughing; and the expedition illustrates the way in which Her Majesty covers long distances in the Highlands, when the short cuts across moss and moor strike away from the regular and well-kept carriage roads. The party had started early from Balmoral in a threatening and misty morning; but when plans are arranged beforehand in the Highlands weather must never be suffered to interfere. They posted to Castleton of Braemar through steady rain. Then followed the long weary stage through the grim Spital of Glenshee, where all enjoyment depends on the doubtful chance of sunshine. There was a thick mist which obscured everything. Shortly after changing horses at the Spital, they pulled up to lunch in the carriage. On the Blairgowrie road they were met by a local laird on horseback, who guided them over the byways to a farmhouse, where ponies were in waiting by appointment. Her Majesty's Highland stables must be well appointed:—

We mounted our ponies (I on dear Fyvie, Lenchen on Brechin) and started on our course across the hills. There was much mist. This obscured all the view, which otherwise would have been very fine. At first there was a rough road, but soon there was nothing but a sheep-track, and hardly that, through heather and stones, up a pretty steep hill. Mr. Keir could not keep up with the immense pace of Brown and Fyvie, which distanced every one; so he had to drop behind and his keeper acted as guide. There was by this time heavy driving rain with a thickening mist. About a little more than an hour took us to the "March," where two of the Dunkeld men met us. . . . Here dripping wet (at Loch Ardie) we arrived about a quarter past six. It was dark already from the very bad weather. We went into a lodge here and had tea and whisky, and Lenchen had to get herself dried as she was so wet.

At Loch Ardie they left the ponies for a carriage. In a dense pine-wood they missed the road, and could only move forward through the darkness at a foot's pace, Brown walking at the heads of the horses, Grant going before with a carriage lamp. At last they saw lights in the windows of a keeper's lodge, and then they came out upon a good driving road. It was an agreeable surprise, even to the Duchess of Athole, who had altogether lost her bearings, though in her husband's "country." It was a quarter to nine before she welcomed her Royal guest into her "nice, snug little cottage" at Dunkeld.

Though the Queen lost her way in taking a short cut, that picturesque district between Blairgowrie and Dunkeld is familiar enough to the ordinary tourist. So are the shores of Loch Maree, where she spent a few pleasant days in the "Loch Maree Hotel"; and the wild valley of Glencoe, where she wandered about the scenes of the massacre. But she made her way too into the most remote nooks of the Highlands, given over to deer, grouse, and eagles, where the commonplace traveller seldom ventures. There is nothing more savage in Scotland than Torridon, to the north of the wild Applecross district, which has been broken up into sundry forests since it was sold by the late Duke of Leeds, who had bought it from the Mackenzies.

We came to the Upper Loch Torridon, which is almost landlocked and very pretty. In the distance the hills of Skye were seen. Village there really is none, and the inn is merely a small, one-storied, "hurled" house, with small windows. We drove beyond the habitations to a turn where we could not be overlooked, and scrambled up a bank, where we seated ourselves, and at twenty minutes to three took our luncheon with good appetite. The air off the mountains and the sea was delicious and not muggy. We two remained sketching, for the view was beautiful. To the right were the hills of Skye, rising above the lower purple ones which closed in the loch. . . . We were nearly an hour sitting there, and it was so fine, and such a wild uncivilized spot, like the end of the world. . . . An old man, very tottery, passed where I was sketching, and I asked the Duchess of Roxburgh to speak to him; he seemed strange, said he had come from America, and was going to England, and thought Torridon very ugly.

In scenery almost as savage, and of greater historical interest, the Queen's fancy would conjure up the history of the troubled past, and she was reminded of the political changes which made her present journeys so peaceful. On the desolate banks of the lonely Loch Shiel she remembers that

In 1746 poor Prince Charles was a fugitive hiding in the mountains on the sides of Loch Arkiaig or Loch Shiel. As we suddenly came upon Loch Shiel from the narrow glen, lit up by bright sunshine, with the fine long loch and the rugged mountains, which are about 3,000 feet high, rising all around, no habitation or building to be seen, except the house of Glenaladall, which used to be an inn, and a large picturesque Catholic Church, reminding one, from its elevated position to the right and above the house, of churches and convents abroad, I thought I never saw a lovelier or more romantic spot, or one which told its history so well. What a scene it must have been in 1745! And here was I, the descendant of the Stuarts and by the very King whom Prince Charles sought to overthrow, sitting and walking about quite privately and peaceably.

Although, we are sorry to say, it was not always that she was permitted to walk about so peaceably and privately. On one occasion she was beset by a band of irrepressible reporters for the Scotch papers, who, having stalked Her Majesty's party like a herd of deer, lay down afterwards on the heather to study them leisurely through telescopes. The chief of them nearly passed from words to blows with the sturdy John Brown, who, we doubt not, was rather rough and peremptory under the strong provocation of the circumstances. And after the dedication we have already quoted, we need scarcely add that that trusted servant of the Queen figures conspicuously in many of her pages. He was

always either seated on the box of her carriage, or walking at the bridle of her pony, and was never beyond call when she was in residence anywhere. On her rough-and-ready mountain expeditions he generally waited at table. And so entirely had his fidelity won on her confidence that it was Brown who was usually charged with the painful and delicate duty of breaking any shock that was sure to be painful. It was he who announced the death of Dr. Norman Macleod. It was he who brought the terrible news that the young Prince Imperial had been speared by the Zulus. Nor does Her Majesty ever miss an opportunity of expressing her gratitude for his devotion.

We have done our best to give a fair idea of the varied contents of the volume; but we feel that tearing a leaf here and there into tatters is unfair to any book, and we can only recommend Her Majesty's subjects to read Her Majesty's Journal for themselves.

THREE NOVELS.*

MR. PAYN'S latest novel differs widely, in many respects, from its numerous predecessors. Indeed, but for the jokes which he puts into the mouth of his much-tried Canon, and which sometimes sparkle up throughout the work, it may be doubted whether many of Mr. Payn's most constant readers would recognize *The Canon's Ward* as coming from the pen of one of the most popular of contemporary novelists. Hitherto the crimes committed by his villains have been of a robust nature, but Mr. Payn has grown weary of substitutions and impersonations and mere ordinary murders, and has decided to delineate the troubles in which a young lady involves herself by a clandestine marriage. Not that there is no murder here, but it is a mere *hors d'œuvre* thrown in by way of settling the villain. In his new task Mr. Payn's proverbial modesty of style has proved almost too much for him. He hints at the natural consequences of the marriage, and then, overcome with confusion at the sight of his own words, he covers his face, and makes his plot obscure, seeming to exclaim, "No, no, I did not mean that—I meant nothing but what was strictly proper." And the result is that the last page is reached before the reader can make up his bewildered mind whether the heroine's very precocious infant, answering to the name of "Willie," is the child of Sophy Gilbert's first or second husband.

As regards the love-making of the story, Mr. Payn has proved faithful to one of his own traditions. The oldest of the lovers in *The Canon's Ward* (we do not reckon Mr. Mavors, for he never has a chance) is presumably not three-and-twenty, for he has not yet taken his degree. This is the most advanced age at which Mr. Payn will allow the tender passion to be felt with any reasonable prospect of success, and most of his heroines are wives and mothers before they are out of their teens. Miss Sophy Gilbert has, however, passed her twentieth birthday before we make her acquaintance. She is living at Cambridge with her guardian, Canon Aldred, and his maiden sister, and as a pretty, lively girl possessed of twenty thousand pounds, and blue or hazel eyes (compare vol. i., pp. 35 and 238), is the object of adoration of the whole university. Her guardian has looked with disfavour on the attentions of Mr. Herbert Perry—known as Pink Perry, from his complexion—the handsome and disreputable stroke of the Third Trinity boat (Third Trinity is not wholly composed, as Mr. Payn thinks, of Eton men), and is anxious to incline the heart of his ward to his own protégé, hatchet-faced Mr. Adair, a villain of the old type. Adair has been witness of a meeting between Perry and Miss Gilbert in the Roundabout, and has drawn conclusions highly unfavourable to the young lady. He does not scruple to let her know this fact, and to make use of his hold over her by compelling her to consent to see him in spite of her terror. Matters are in this state when Mr. Perry threatens one day to disclose their private marriage to his father, and actually goes home and writes the necessary letter. It is never sent, however; for, before it is posted, he drowns himself accidentally, and the letter is stolen from his table by Sophy's maid, Jeannette, whose baptismal name was Susan (vol. i., p. 158), yet who was "née Jenny" (vol. ii., p. 86). This Jeannette is the kind of waiting-maid with whom old English plays and modern French dramas have made us familiar, only she has not half the intelligence of her prototypes. She had been the solitary witness of Sophy's marriage, and the confidante of the subsequent interviews of husband and wife; yet she does not understand the unfortunate Sophy's real predicament, though she continues to urge her union with Adair. This, at least, is what we gather from the conversation between mistress and maid in vol. ii., p. 135; but it may really be only Mr. Payn's modesty again asserting itself. Anyhow, Sophy prefers marriage, with a man whom she hates and despises, to a confession to her indulgent guardian of a love affair which, though silly and sly, was not criminal. And, what is even more astounding, she postpones the ceremony till Adair has taken his degree, six months after she became a widow. We are not told how the world regarded the excessively precocious appearance of Willie on the scene; but, as far as we can make out, no one seems to have given a thought to this unusual circumstance. Adair goes rapidly downhill from the moment of his marriage. In real life, Sophy's position would have been infinitely worse than if she had made no second marriage. In

five years we find him swindling the public by means of bubble companies, inducing the Canon, as trustee of Mrs. Adair's fortune, to advance him fifteen thousand pounds to buy himself a partnership, and then reclaiming the amount on behalf of Sophy's child; and finally insuring the child's life for a large sum preparatory to poisoning him. Of course all these diabolical schemes come to nothing in the end; Mr. Payn knows better what is due to the feelings of the British public than to permit the wicked to prosper. So a boy's eye applied to a hole in the curtain (what a premium on untidiness!) discovers the murderer; an ancient admirer of Sophy's restores the Canon to affluence by a legacy; and Adair, while seeking to escape to the Continent with his ill-gotten gains, is tracked by an accomplice, and murdered in a cellar near the river. It is not every woman who can boast of having lost two husbands by violent deaths, and of being thankful to be rid of both of them. In spite of the absolute impossibility of the main facts of the story, and the unattractiveness of the heroine, *The Canon's Ward* is an amusing and exciting book. The very obscurity of which we have spoken keeps our minds on the stretch, and a far duller work would be redeemed by descriptions like the following of Mr. Adair:—"He was certainly thin, thinner in his suit of evening clothes than usual, and still thinner in comparison with Mr. Mavors, who not only towered above him, but appeared on either side of him, giving the young scholar for the moment the remarkable appearance of having four arms." The tale is full of good things and good stories. The character of the Canon, with his unflinching humour and consolatory quotations from Milton, is admirable; admirable, too, is the young lawyer Irton, and there is much amusement to be derived from Mr. Payn's unconcealed dislike of law, mathematics, and athletes who are nothing but athletes. Still a heroine of Mr. Payn's who is *sournoise*, and who steals letters, is so startling, and so unlike Mr. Payn's general method and favourite fair ones, that we confess we have derived more pleasure from other works by the same diverting author.

In vol. iii. p. 293 of *Susan Drummond* there occurs this sentence, which forms part of a soliloquy indulged in by the hero Nicholas Gayre:—"One short year ago had any one said, 'You will behave to the girl you love like a cad, you will try to shirk your duty to your neighbour, and strive to skulk by on the other side if you can; you will ask a woman for money who you know has always hoped you would marry her, and accept substantial help, though you are well aware you never had a feeling of affection for her.' These words are a fair summary of the story of *Susan Drummond*, a fearless sweet-natured girl, lovely to look upon, who was first seen by Nicholas Gayre, formerly colonel, now banker, riding through Hyde Park. For love of her this commonplace representative of the most conservative of banking houses neglects his business, and frequents the society of his brother-in-law, Sir Geoffrey Chelston, and his beautiful daughter, old friends of the fascinating Susan's. This is more of a sacrifice than it sounds, for the baronet is a gentleman of the most disreputable type, who is introduced to us in the beginning as lacking even one redeeming quality. In the course of the story, however, he develops quite a reasonable number of virtues, and most readers will greatly prefer him to the excessively rude and sneering Mr. Gayre. We hear about "plain-spoken men of business," but if many are as "plain-spoken" as Mr. Gayre, murders will become more frequent and duelling revive. He addresses an acquaintance, Mr. Sudlow, in these terms:—"You do not amuse, and you do not instruct me. I have no daughter I want you to marry, and I have money enough of my own without trying to rob you of any of yours. If you discover why I am civil to you, tell me." Instead of cutting Mr. Gayre's acquaintance on the spot, Mr. Sudlow begs for an introduction to that gentleman's niece, Miss Chelston, to whom he subsequently proposes. When, however, he realizes that the damsel will have nothing but her beauty, and that Mr. Gayre by no means intends to make her his heiress, he shows symptoms of backsliding, upon which the furious banker threatens him with an action for breach of promise. Surely the British army and the banking confraternity will not remain quiet under such an imputation on one of their order. No censure is, however, passed on Mr. Gayre.

The banker is, however, remarkably unfortunate in his love affairs. Not only is Miss Susan Drummond quite indifferent to his passion, but she makes use of it in order to obtain the release of her lover, Mr. Oliver Dane, unjustly imprisoned for forgery and theft. In fact, she treats poor Mr. Gayre as the heroine of *The Scrap of Paper* treats her lover, and declines to think or speak of anything till the banker has obtained Oliver Dane's release. At last a very improbable series of events gives Gayre the clue; but he wrings a consent from Susan to be his wife as the price of her lover's freedom. It is not from any return to virtue on Gayre's part that the compact is not fulfilled, but merely because in order to get money to carry on the business, he applies to a rich widow who has long been in love with him, and proposes to her as her reward for the loan. We are glad to say that the widow soon finds out that they are unsuited, and we leave Mr. Gayre in the last chapter still sneering, and on the point of marrying a third lady.

In spite of a very faulty construction of the story, of occasional slips in grammar, and of a frequent clumsiness in style, the success of Mrs. Riddell's last novel is ensured by the leading character, Sir Geoffrey Chelston. He stands before us, from the first page to the last, perfectly consistent with himself, though not with the original description of him, always attempting to take care of number one, yet always coming to grief in the process. He represents himself to the world as the victim of circumstances, and notwith-

* *The Canon's Ward*. By James Payn. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

Susan Drummond. By Mrs. J. Riddell. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons.

The Building of St. Barnabas. London: Chapman & Hall.

standing his exterior (which is that of a groom), succeeds in taking in various people who hope to make money out of him. His good spirits are unfailing, and his sense of humour tolerably keen, and it is with some satisfaction that we see that the inherited instincts and tact of a gentleman come to the surface even in this reprobate, for he knows how to console Susan in her trouble, while the good intentions of the others only irritate the girl. Sir Geoffrey is one of the cleverest portraits that has been drawn for many a day, and Mrs. Riddell deserves all the more praise for her work, from the fact that he is entirely unlike the hard-working City men with whom her pen has made us familiar. Sir Geoffrey, who is at first described as a kind of Sir Francis Clavering, develops humour and affection and tact as the story goes on. The author obviously delights in him (his is a part for Mr. Arthur Cecil), and so will all her readers. His presence makes up for the almost total eclipse and absence of the chief lover, Mr. Oliver Dane, who is a kind of invisible prince, a character spoken of, not seen, like the widow in *Forget Me Not*, after the widow's part was cut out by an economical management. The heartless, false daughter of Sir Geoffrey is a clever study. Mrs. Riddell thinks apparently that an "old Elzevir" is necessarily a thing of price. All novelists think so; but half-a-crown is a fair average tariff for Elzevirs.

The Building of St. Barnabas has almost every fault which a novel can have. It is often ungrammatical; it exhibits no knowledge of life; it is occasionally coarse; but, above all, it is dull—so dull that we doubt whether any one, not inspired with a strong sense of duty, could ever arrive at the last page. The plot is simple. Michael Warner is lying on his death-bed, and sends for his lawyer to make his will. Being a spiteful old man, he resolves to keep his nephew and natural heir in suspense as to his intentions as long as possible, so bequeaths 5,000*l.* to build a church, and 7,000*l.* more for the same purpose, provided the church is finished within four years of his death. Should the church not be completed, all the money, except the original 5,000*l.*, is to go to Stephen Rushworth, the nephew. The reason given for the name of the church is characteristic of the book, and is a sample of the humour it contains. "They say Barnabas was the son of consolation, and I intend it to be awfully consoling to that scamp Stephen when he hears my will read."

From this point the whole story is a dreary and prolix record of attempts to raise enough money to ensure the building of the church within the required time, and the unwilling reader is dragged to vestry meetings attended by men with such names as Basso, Dipinik, and Riskall, or forced to assist at lengthy conversations between Mr. and Mrs. Dittany, the vicar and his wife. The choice or invention of such names is a true indication of the style of the book. Then we have interminable descriptions of the town of Thoroton, where the church was to be erected, and of the local quarrels. Some of these descriptions read like a schoolgirl's translation of a German philosophical work, as, for instance, the sentence on page 6, vol. i. "But the chief pride of Thoroton was the river, which was crossed just before the shops began by a noble bridge, erected, as strangers sufficiently were informed, by the proud inhabitants, by the great Telford himself." Nowhere is there a spark of humour, of true insight, or of human interest. Everybody is low and sordid when they are not criminal, and we certainly could wish for a little of Mr. Payn's shyness in the story of the fall of Mary Lowbridge. The incident is hinted at in the crudest way, and without a single excuse for either of the sinners. Altogether *The Building of St. Barnabas* is to be avoided by every class of reader.

FIFTY YEARS OF IRISH CONCESSION.*

WE do not suppose that any one will quarrel with Mr. Barry O'Brien's general principle that "English politicians, publicists, and legislators, who speak, write, and vote on Irish questions, should make an effort to understand those questions." But when Mr. O'Brien instances Mr. Bright as a perfect and almost unapproachable example of the successful study of Irish questions, it becomes painfully obvious what Mr. O'Brien means by understanding. Mr. Bright studied the Irish question as he studied the Crimean War, the American Civil War, the Indian Mutiny, and every other public question of the kind, down to the bombardment of Alexandria the other day, with, as starting-point, the general axiom that his own country was in the wrong. If this is a necessity of mental attitude, we for our part, who yet venture to think that we have studied Irish questions and Irish history with some care, acknowledge freely that we cannot satisfy Mr. O'Brien. To give him his due, he promptly disavows any intention of reviving disagreeable recollections. He wishes that "whatever there is of unpleasantness should be forgotten," and so forth. This is very creditable, but how, for instance, does this philosophic and amiable temper square with Mr. O'Brien's description of such a man as Lord Clare? Mr. Fitzgibbon or Lord Clare was one of the most distinguished of all Irishmen. His rancorous enemies themselves acknowledged his extraordinary ability. It is granted even by those enemies that the Union for which he did so much not only did him no good but practically deprived him of a perpetual Viceroyalty in his own country. His temper, no doubt, was harsh and unconciliatory, and the measures which he advocated were

only defensible in such times as the time of the accomplished French and the attempted Irish Revolution. But he himself explained his position in a famous speech which Mr. O'Brien quotes. His belief and his justification was that nothing but Protestant ascendancy could give Ireland herself prosperity and tranquillity, or the Empire political union and strength. He might be right or he might be wrong in his methods; but loyalty to the Sovereign and the Constitution of Ireland were the unquestionable motives which actuated him. Now let us hear Mr. O'Brien's character of this great man:—

The grand passion of this extraordinary man's heart was a consuming hatred of the land which had given him birth. But let justice be done to him. His hate was impartial. Catholics and Protestants, landlords and tenants, were all equally and thoroughly the subjects of his dislike and anger. To have been born an Irishman, no matter of what class or creed, was all sufficient to earn the lasting enmity of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare.

This insane diatribe is followed up by another in which Lord Clare, after compliments to his intellectual abilities, is described as "animated by not one pure and noble sentiment, and influenced by not a single just and honourable principle." This has the familiar, the wearisome, and, above all, the hopeless ring of Irish political controversy. For it all means simply this, that John Fitzgibbon was a loyal Irish-Englishman who took facts and history to be history and facts, and did not believe with Mr. O'Brien that provincialism was patriotism, and that an imaginary Irish nation which never has in any solid fashion existed historically from the foundation of the world ought to absorb the devotion of Irishmen. Mr. O'Brien himself carefully avoids extreme Separatist or Nationalist expressions. But his whole book is pervaded by the grand Irish fallacy that a man who accepts the historical and inevitable relation of the smaller of the British islands to the larger is somehow a traitor and a scoundrel. All over the volume there is the silly railing at "the Castle" which is characteristic of this fallacy. As Mr. O'Brien has been good enough to indicate the spirit in which the history of Ireland should be studied, we may fairly in our turn retaliate. Neither he nor any one else will ever study the history of Ireland to any purpose unless he keeps before him the following facts—first, that, save in semi-mythical and semi-savage ages, Ireland never has been a single, independent, substantive nation; secondly, that for seven hundred years of authentic history it has been a part of a single, independent, and substantive nation; thirdly, that England, in the narrow sense, has (doubtless often in a very injudicious fashion) unceasingly striven to introduce good government into Ireland; fourthly, that a section of the inhabitants of Ireland have unceasingly striven to substitute anarchy therefor. These four historical facts all the leagues, all the platform eloquence, all the newspaper abuse in the world will never disprove; and no one who refuses to recognize them, however pure his intentions, however untiring his labour, will ever succeed in taking a true view of Irish history or of Irish politics.

Mr. O'Brien's prejudices have, however, done more than lead him into occasional absurdities like the above horns-and-tail portrait of Fitzgibbon. They have led him to some curious oddities of arrangement. His book is entitled *Fifty Years of Concession*, the *terminus ad quem* being 1881, and this volume takes him nearly to the end of the first decade. But he has considered it necessary to prelude the discussion of concessions in Irish education, economics, and franchise law by an elaborate account of certain events towards the close of the last century, which he thinks useful for the understanding of the later history. Unfortunately this lengthy exordium deals only with the comparatively orderly and constitutional agitation for the franchise, which was terminated by the concessions of 1793. Now there is something to be said in favour of the proposition that it would have been not unwise to grant not merely the franchise but complete emancipation early in the revolutionary period. On the one hand the Protestants of the North were honeycombed with republican sentiment, had but recently behaved in something not unlike a treasonable fashion, and by their attitude in the independent Parliament had shown a very considerable lack of patriotism. On the other, the Roman Catholic clergy were thoroughly hostile to Republicanism, the Roman Catholic aristocracy were thoroughly loyal and trustworthy, and the mass of the Roman Catholics of lower rank had been well disciplined by a century of firm government. This view, however, with the few historic facts necessary to illustrate it, might have been put very briefly; while Mr. O'Brien's actual course has the singular result of giving the constitutional agitation fully, and passing over entirely the rebellion and the anarchy which marked the last years of the century. No doubt he is entirely guiltless of any attempt at suppression. But you cannot take a slice of a history and give it to the reader, telling him when he has finished that he shall have another slice cut out of a different part. All history is continuous, and all history requires continuous knowledge to explain itself.

These grave drawbacks of spirit and of plan do not, of course, prevent the book from containing much useful information. Beginning nominally, and with the curious excursions already quoted, at 1831, Mr. O'Brien has nothing to do directly with emancipation. He starts with the Irish Reform Bill of 1832, and with the education arrangements of the previous year. The history of the education question is curious, and worth reading. Afterwards he takes up the tithe war, of course adopting the utterly illogical position that it was wrong to tax Roman Catholics

* *Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland.* By R. Barry O'Brien. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

for the support of another Church, and forgetting that in reality the farmers and peasants held their land subject to a certain impost, and that the destination of the amount of that impost no more concerned them than it concerned them whether the recipients of the tithe bought blue coats or brown ones with the money. Then we have the Poor Law, and then the Municipal Reform Act of 1840. Except that Mr. O'Brien has a bad habit of making his quotations at second or third hand, he is a careful and, as far as his abiding prejudices will let him be, an impartial historian. Impartial, unfortunately, those prejudices will not let him be in any considerable degree. His expostulation with Whately (a person whom, for our parts, we have no very great care to defend), "Did he think that the Irish people were to be denationalized and Anglicized," &c., shows that pretty clearly. So long as any man thinks that Anglicizing is for an Irishman denationalizing, so long will he be in a state of outer darkness about the facts of the case. But Mr. O'Brien's natural fairness (a quality which we have the greater pleasure in acknowledging in many, perhaps the majority, of Irish writers, in that we have frequent occasion to stigmatize the fatal delusions which make that fairness of none effect) is shown by his very frank statement that Wolfe Tone "hated England profoundly." Mr. O'Brien is so scrupulously fair that he quotes as a testimony to the wrongs of Ireland the following absurd sentence, in which the egregious M. Duvergier de Hauranne says, that in established churches in Ireland "the ring rings the bell for the curate and the sacristan, the sacristan takes up his halbert for the ring and the curate, and the curate preaches for the two," perhaps one of the most delightful instances of the way in which Frenchmen carry France everywhere that can be found. A curious outbreak against the author's namesake—Sir Lucius O'Brien—on p. 571, deserves to be consulted by the reader of the book, for it is characteristic of the author's attitude, as is his remark that in a certain commission "only Englishmen or ascendancy men had been appointed; no popular appointments had been made." Nor is it unsympathetic that Mr. O'Brien, apparently without the faintest idea of what he is doing, quotes pages of the impertinent personalities, alternated by withdrawals as soon as the situation became serious, of which O'Connell set a constantly copied example to a series of Irish patriots who have not succeeded in reaching even his own level of patriotism or conviction, and that he describes one of Shiel's gaseous orations as having crushed (whom does the reader think?) Lord Lyndhurst.

We part from Mr. O'Brien in no unkind spirit. In the first place, he has given us in this volume, and is pretty certain to give us in his next, valuable instances of the characteristics which make his countrymen utterly impossible as conductors of their own affairs, and thus he has done a service. In the second, he has shown the pluck, the manful fidelity against rhyme and reason, the generous if rather scatter-brained loyalty to ideals, and the gratitude to even very dubious benefactors, which are among the numerous private merits of Irishmen. He has arranged a valuable, if not an extraordinarily well-planned, collection of those facts of Irish history which are mortal to his own cherished desires; and, last not least, he has recalled public attention to that admirable speech of Fitzgibbon's which is at once the most complete defence of the much-reviled English rule during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the strongest argument against the system of concession which has been pursued during the nineteenth. We may not now agree with everything that the great Irish lawyer and statesman then said; we may think that his policy was too nakedly coercive, his attitude too uncompromisingly hostile; but his triumphant reply to the Bishop of Killala—a reply to which Mr. Froude has done rather less than more justice than should be done—contains the end and the beginning of Irish government according to rational principles and to the teachings of history.

SOME BOOKS ON LOGIC.*

WHEN, about seven years ago, Mr. Bradley published his *Ethical Studies*, he confessed in his preface that too much of his book was polemical. At the beginning of his new book on logic he makes the self-same confession. Now confession without contrition is naught, and we cannot bring ourselves to believe that he is really contrite. We heartily agree with him that he is too polemical, and will add that he has thereby done much towards spoiling his two books. He seems to have persuaded himself that his fellow-countrymen lie in bondage to the system of J. S. Mill, and that it is his duty on all occasions to raise his voice loudly and harshly against the tyrant. So, just when we are beginning to interest ourselves in his intricate arguments, he breaks away from us to denounce for the twentieth time the superstition, the prejudice, the fatuity of empiricists, utilitarians, and other "advanced thinkers," of what he calls the English school, the dominant traditional orthodox school. Surely this is all nonsense. We do not believe that there ever was a time when, among Englishmen who cared for philosophy, there was less agreement than there is at present, or less disposition to regard any question as finally,

or even provisionally, answered. Mr. Bradley protests to us that a Hegelian school exists only in our reviews. Be it so; but this provokes us to ask, Where exists that orthodox English school which he is for ever belabouring? The joys of heterodoxy are doubtless sweet, and pleasant it is to call one's adversaries fashionable and "advanced thinkers"; but we doubt whether Mr. Bradley is fairly entitled to these delights. Transcendentalism, like empiricism, has its unintelligent adorers; and, if all we hear be true, there are circles in which a contempt for Mill is already considered a distinctive note of the higher culture. The typically deep young man of Mr. Gilbert's ploy was, if we remember rightly, a transcendentalist, and a score of love-sick maidens drank in his philosophy. In all seriousness though we are getting a little tired of being told that ever since the days of Hume English philosophy has been off the true track, that "we live in an island" and are growing insular, that just across the sea, in Germany, they have a philosophy "which thinks what the vulgar believe" and does many other remarkable things too numerous for mention. Mr. Bradley, and the English writers with whom he has most in common, have already succeeded in perceptibly loosening the hold that Mill once had of the English mind. But this they have done in the name, not of impartial scepticism, or of unreasoning faith, or of unsophisticated common sense, but of a sounder philosophy. Yet until last year we had no continuous statement, no instalment even, of the promised philosophy, only historical criticisms, hints, and suggestions. With the appearance of Professor Green's posthumous *Prolegomena to Ethics*, a new period seemed about to begin in which controversy was to be happily subordinated to exposition. We know now what the great critic of Locke and Hume, and of their English followers, would have us substitute for the ethical parts of the systems which he attacked. There is a good opportunity for similar constructive work in the field of logic; and on opening Mr. Bradley's book we hoped that he had seized this opportunity and followed the excellent example set him by one with whom he agrees, at least on very many questions. We are disappointed, therefore, when he begins again that scolding of Mill of which we have already had almost enough. And Mr. Bradley's scolding is not of a very good kind; it is often very bitter, and not always very fair. In the substance of his criticisms we can often agree; many of them are not very new; but when we read, for example, that "these touching beliefs in a pious legend may babble in the tradition of a senile psychology, or contort themselves in the metaphysics of some frantic dogma," we cannot imagine what good purpose such a strident passage can serve. Mr. Bradley may have had some provocation to anger. He cannot properly be called a Hegelian, but still he holds Hegel in high honour, and it is to be feared that Hegel has too often been jeered at by those who have not been at pains to read a line of his writing. Still, philosophy is one thing and hereditary blood-feud another. Mr. Bradley will gain nothing and lose much by throwing about such explosive phrases as "self-righteous innocence and blatant virtue."

Two books have come to our hands along with Mr. Bradley's which sufficiently show that these boisterous outbursts against Mill are not needed. We ought perhaps to apologize to Mr. Rogers and Mr. Alfred Sidgwick for introducing their names in this parenthetical way, but their works are much less ambitious than Mr. Bradley's, which, therefore, must be our main theme. Mr. Rogers, an Australian school inspector, has made two remarkable discoveries about which he is modestly triumphant. One is the true definition of a verb, and this we must pass by, though the world has been in want of it "not for centuries only, but for two thousand years." The other is that the copula as anything distinct from the predicate has no real existence, "but is a mere myth and fabrication of certain logicians." Mr. Bradley's own phrase is only a trifle more emphatic; "the necessity for the copula is a sheer superstition." Mr. Rogers again goes about to show that Mill's pet doctrine concerning the ambiguity of the verb *to be* is a delusion. Here again he is in agreement with Mr. Bradley, and yet to all seeming Mr. Rogers has not studied the Germans, at least does not tell us that he has done so, and he lives, if not in England, yet in another island. He indeed supposes that Mill and Hamilton still share between them the allegiance of English-speaking logicians; but this does not prevent him from believing also that he has sapped the foundations of Mill's system. Mr. Alfred Sidgwick has added to the International Scientific Series a pleasant and sensible book about Fallacies. His object, when compared with Mr. Bradley's, is humble. He writes less for students of philosophy than for readers who may wish to know what logic can tell them about the practical means of avoiding error. But, as it were by the way, he has much to say about inference which, whether quite new or not, is certainly not traditional, and as certainly not derived from Mill. This we must pass by; probably it would teach Mr. Bradley nothing, for he has never found any English book on logic, save only that of Mr. Jevons, of any great use to him. But Mr. Sidgwick, though he confesses a debt to Mill, says against so prominent a point of his system as the five methods of induction all or nearly all that Mr. Bradley, declamation apart, can say. They are of value, says Mr. Sidgwick, "rather as systematic hints for tentative discovery than as methods of proof at all." Mr. Bradley uses almost the same words of one of these methods; it is "most useful as a tentative means of inquiry, but unsound and imposturous if you take it as proof." Really, we are not quite so stupidly conservative as he supposes, and if we are as times a little deaf, the worst thing that he can do is to shout at us.

* *The Principles of Logic*. By F. H. Bradley. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

Grammar and Logic. By J. W. F. Rogers. London: Trübner & Co. Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide: George Robertson. 1883.

Fallacies: a View of Logic from the Practical Side. By Alfred Sidgwick. (The International Scientific Series. Vol. XLVIII.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

We the more regret that he should have given himself good cause for considering his book too polemical, for to this seems due the somewhat fragmentary and incoherent manner in which he states his own opinions. He had a very difficult task to perform, for in the end we discover that he had no complete system to explain. In his preface he says that his metaphysics are really very limited. "On all questions, if you push me far enough, at present I end in doubts and perplexities." On a first reading we regarded this statement as the graceful but purely formal disclaimer of omniscience familiar to the reader of prefaces. But we soon found that it has a more real meaning. Mr. Bradley is very confident about the quality of some metaphysics; indeed "bad metaphysics" is his favourite phrase of condemnation. Thus he is sure enough that the metaphysics of Mr. Huxley and the orthodox Christian are bad, and bad for the same reason. But of some other metaphysics he reserves judgment. At the end of his book we leave him face to face with the Hegelian identification of reality and reason. He can find no warrant for it; he shrinks from it as "cold and ghostlike"; though dragged to the conclusion, he cannot embrace it. Reading his book backwards, with this final doubt as a starting-point, the many passages in which he abruptly breaks off a discussion with the remark that we must not trespass on metaphysics gain a new significance. No lover of metaphysics, as he rightly says, will judge him hardly because of his doubts and perplexities, and we gladly welcome his frank avowal of them; such avowals are not so common as they should be. We may be a little uneasy in following a guide who confessedly does not know whether the reality to which he leads us will be "some spectral woof of impalpable abstractions or unearthly ballet of bloodless categories" (we use his own picturesque words), or will be something of which no more can be said than that it is not reason; but at least he does not offer us mere verbal solutions or a delusive show of knowledge. Now it may well be that fragmentary conclusions are the best that can be had. Even if we are not sure of the right road, it may be satisfactory to know that Mr. Huxley and the orthodox Christian are in the wrong. But it is difficult indeed to lay down principles of logic when one is not only very uncertain about the nature of reality, but fully conscious of the uncertainty. Mr. Bradley has read and thought too much to set about drawing a definite line between logic and metaphysics, and is too much in earnest to be content with such beggarly elements of logic as can be had by one who will not face metaphysical questions; indeed, he seems to us to have proved sufficiently that such elements must be even more beggarly than is usually supposed. A very cautious and perspicuous method of exposition might possibly have triumphed over these difficulties and shown us exactly what the author regarded as proved, what as merely probable. But Mr. Bradley was also intent on giving battle to Mill all along the line, and so lays himself open to the charge of maintaining for controversial purposes a theory about reality which in the end he pronounces unsatisfactory. Very possibly such a charge would be untrue, but it would at least be plausible, and he is too deeply engaged in controversy to guard himself against it. He compels us to say of his book that the whole is less than the sum of its parts. Many of its parts are valuable and very original; we may mention in particular a chapter on the association of ideas. Mr. Bradley is well read in recent German philosophy, but is no retailer of other men's thoughts, and adopts no opinion without fairly making it his own. But we cannot bring his theories into connexion with each other. He seems to have given us, not his philosophy, but the materials of which his philosophy is or might be made. If asked to define his position we could only do so by reference to Mill. Mr. Bradley, we should say, disbelieves every single principle which Mill would have thought of first importance to his system, and accepts as true, or possibly true, every opinion which Mill would have considered a quite fundamental error. The principle of contradiction is indeed the vital principle of his logic, and it is because work moulded by that principle can never be perfectly successful that his book as a whole will have less influence on English philosophy than many of its parts deserve to have. Our present clothes may not fit us, may be ragged, old-fashioned, and generally disreputable; but we shall not cast them away until a new suit is ready, for few of us are hardy enough to live in nude scepticism. This may be a weakness of the flesh, similar to that weakness of the flesh which, as Mr. Bradley hints, makes him hesitate about the identity of reality and reason; but at any rate it is a fact, and philosophers must make the best of it. As yet we have been shown not the new suit, nor even the pattern of it, but only cloth out of which it might possibly be made. Still the book is full of good arguments, which will have weight with those for whom philosophy is a serious pursuit. Mr. Bradley evidently has a very genuine love for hard metaphysical thinking which is as rare as it is admirable. He knows that the metaphysician's first, perhaps only, duty is not to hunt for the occult and the mystical, but to describe the obvious as precisely as possible, "to think what the vulgar believe." Having called him a lover of metaphysics, we must add, to prevent misunderstandings, that he is no dreamer of dreams, but has quite as much respect for science and experience and plain matter of fact as any of the sensualists against whom he argues; and without accepting his opinions it is quite possible to prefer his open, unblushing metaphysics to the covert metaphysics which are often offered to us in the name of positive science by those whose chief boast is that they are not metaphysical.

FORMAN'S KEATS.*

MR. FORMAN has been engaged for many years on the preparation of these volumes, which are admirably edited. The bibliographical talent which he displayed in bringing out first the Poetical Works and then the Prose Works of Shelley has found more scope in Keats than we should have imagined possible in the case of a young man who died at five-and-twenty, and who was on the spot in London when his three volumes of poetry were passing through the press. If anything is to be blamed in Mr. Forman's manner it is a certain narrowness of sympathy, exemplified in the very small circle of writers to whom he turns for citation. The name of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti is mentioned, as we think, too often, in consideration of the absence of reference to elder and contemporary names. For Rossetti's poetical gifts we entertain the greatest respect, but we do not hold him to have been a good critic of poetry. His published letters show that he was narrow in many of his views, narrow as Mr. Forman himself is narrow. The opinions attributed to Rossetti throughout these volumes rarely appear to us as just, and never as very penetrating. It is curious and interesting, not so much for the student of Keats as for the student of Rossetti, to be informed that the latter poet preferred the cancelled preface of *Endymion*, with its affectations and cockney self-consciousness, to the stately and eloquent sentences that Keats eventually substituted. The predominance of this one poet, and of some of his very feeble imitators, as set against a total absence of reference to what other and greater writers, down to Mr. Matthew Arnold, have said about Keats, is almost the only fault which we have to bring, in this instance, to Mr. Forman's charge. The absence of reference to Mr. Arnold, who has written the best existing study of Keats's quality as a poet and a man, is very marked. Can it be that Mr. Forman has not forgiven Mr. Arnold's sharp reproof of the publication of the letters to Fanny Brawne?

The doggerel of the great poets is a branch of poetry which has not received hitherto its due amount of investigation. A very droll little volume of the nonsense and occasional verse of the accredited poets might be formed with a great deal of propriety. In most other languages, it may be remarked, not to be flippant, such a collection could not be formed without a great deal of impropriety; but the English mind has happily found it possible to be gay and eccentric, and yet decent. In such a volume we should have plenty of Byron, with "Huzza, Hodgson" in a front rank, Coleridge's "body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne," Wordsworth's "The Cock is Crowing" and "O who would go parading," with several grim fantastic things from Shelley; but perhaps the most copious contributor would be Keats. It seems as though Keats was never metrically at rest. He wrote a great deal of serious verse in his very short life, but he was not content with this; he was for ever keeping his instrument in tune, and trying its powers in odd experiments. It bears out all that we know of his thorough apprenticeship to the art of poetry to find that he did so, and one of the most interesting features connected with Mr. Forman's edition is that it gives us an opportunity of observing Keats in the full swing of his practice, when anything interested him very much, of pouring verse, serious and doggerel, around it. We refer to the recovered verses which the poet scattered broadcast during his little Scotch tour in July 1818. He seems to have scribbled verse almost every day, some of it quite serious and good, like the exquisite octosyllabics on "Stafia," and some of it mere fantastic folly, always, however, with a certain touch of style. In a letter here first printed he says to his sister, "Since I scribbled the song we have walked through a beautiful country to Kirkeudbright, at which place I will write you a song about myself," which Mr. Forman gives, and a very odd song it is. But we see the principle—for every new incident, for each new scene, a piece of verse, good, bad, or indifferent.

It is true that Lord Houghton had already picked out the best, and that what has been left for Mr. Forman are mostly indifferent. But in the case of Keats so much interest accompanies the action of his unique imagination that we are not scandalized, but only very much diverted, at seeing it throw off its coat and play at leap-frog in the corner. Mr. Forman has found nothing unprinted which is so good of its kind as "God of the golden bow," or "Spirit here that reignest," nothing so good even as "Little child o' the western wild." He has found some elegiacs, assigned to the year 1814, on "Death"; some terrible sing-song beginning "O come Georgiana," which belongs to the year of Keats's curious apostasy to the style of Tom Moore, 1816; a piece written January 31st, 1818, beginning "Hence Burgundy, Claret and Port," of which this passage may be quoted as characteristically Keatsian:—

Instead of a pitiful rummer
My wine overbrims a whole summer;
My bowl is the sky,
And I drink at my eye,
Till I feel in the brain
A Delphian pain—
Then follow, my Caius, then follow;
On the green of the hill
We will drink our fill
Of golden sunshine,
Till our brains intertwine
With the glory and grace of Apollo;

* The Poetical Works and other Writings of John Keats. Now first brought together. Edited, with Notes and Appendices, by Harry Buxton Forman. 4 vols. London: Reeves & Turner.

and a rather brilliant piece of reckless rhyming called "Sharing Eve's Apple." Besides these his only contributions to the verse of Keats are the series of pieces to which we referred above, written during the Scotch tour.

The new letters in the present edition are mainly those addressed by the poet to his young sister Fanny, now the sole survivor of the family. They are very pleasant and quiet, and have none of the hectic excitement which spoils the reader's enjoyment of so much of Keats's correspondence. The first is addressed from Oxford, in September 1817, when Keats was hotly engaged in finishing the third book of *Endymion*. He says to his sister:—

I am living at Magdalen Hall on a visit to a young man [Benjamin Bailey] with whom I have not been long acquainted, but whom I like very much—we lead very industrious lives—he in general Studies, and I in proceeding at a pretty good rate with a Poem which I hope you will see early in the next year. Perhaps you might like to know what I am writing about. I will tell you. Many years ago there was a young handsome Shepherd who fed his flocks on a Mountain Side called Latmus—he was a very contemplative sort of a Person and lived solitary among the trees and plains, little thinking that such a beautiful Creature as the Moon was growing mad in Love with him. However so it was; and when he was asleep on the Grass she used to come down from heaven and admire him excessively for a long time; and at last could not refrain from carrying him away in her arms to the top of that high Mountain Latmus while he was a-dreaming, but I daresay [you] have read this and all the other beautiful Tales which have come down from the ancient times of that beautiful Greece.

This letter from Oxford contains a great deal that is pleasant and valuable to us; but we note that the poet proposes that his sister should carry on a copious correspondence with him, that on each side they should speak quite freely of all their interests and avocations, and that each shall preserve the letters of the other till they each hold "a good Bundle." Nothing would be more delightful than such a bundle of Keats's letters, describing his doings during this his healthiest and brightest time; but perhaps his sister did not find time to carry out her part of the plan, for there is no other letter to her preserved until July 1818, when her brother again writes to her to her school at Walthamstow. He is by this time in the midst of his Scotch tour. His letters to her now become more frequent. He attempts to wean her from a preposterous design she has formed of learning to play the flageolet, and all through Tom's fatal illness he gives her news of him with great tenderness and delicacy. So much has been said about the character of Keats, as though he were merely what has been elegantly called "a faddling hedonist," that it is really acceptable to find him in these unconsidered notes to his young sister so manly and so full of wholesome common sense. In 1819, when he is already in his fatal illness, he writes thus to Fanny, who had just left school:—

I recommend you to keep up all that you know, and to learn more by yourself, however little. The time will come when you will be more pleased with Life—look forward to that time, and, though it may appear a trifle, be careful not to let the idle and retired life you lead fix any awkward habit or behaviour on you—whether you sit or walk, endeavour to let it be in a seemly and, if possible, a graceful manner. We have been very little together; but you have not the less been with me in thought. You have no one in the world besides me who would sacrifice anything for you. I feel myself the only protector you have. In all your little troubles think of me with the thought that there is at least one person in England who, if he could, would help you out of them. I live in hopes of being able to make you happy.

He looks forward to a time when he and she will be "corpulent old folks, with triple chins and stumpy thumbs" together, pathetically unconscious that his own grave lay right before him, and that more than sixty years later his "little Fanny" would still remain, a living link between the neglected poet and his modern admirers.

In addition to the novel elements to which we have drawn attention, this edition of Keats deserves praise for the care with which it collects and reproduces all the authentic portraits of the poet, portraits which certainly have never been brought together before. That the face of the young man must have been singularly striking and attractive is obvious from the fact that, although he lived an isolated and obscure life, so many persons were found who made it a privilege to request him to sit to them. We agree with Mr. Forman that the mask, which it is almost certain that Haydon took from the life, is of paramount value; and we believe that when a monument is erected to Keats, as must certainly happen sooner or later, the sculptor who accomplishes the task will find it more serviceable to him than any other portrait. There is no doubt that Severn was tempted, as years went on, to idealize those replicas of his friend's head which he was frequently solicited to produce. Some of Mr. Forman's appendices are very curious and interesting. He has shown a genuine spirit of research in ransacking the periodical press of that time for passages which throw a collateral light on the career of Keats. We are glad to see that he holds, and supports with his great knowledge of the facts, the same view with regard to the relation of Leigh Hunt to his friend which has always been held in these columns, and which has lately been controverted with more flippancy than erudition. He reprints the most famous of the reviews of *Endymion* and of the other volumes, and such portions of the poems of John Hamilton Reynolds as are indispensable to a full comprehension of the poems and letters of Keats. He gives a great deal of correspondence, some of it never printed before, from Haydon, Charles Armitage Brown, and Severn. In short, he brings together the whole body

of material necessary to the full comprehension of the situation of the poet among his immediate contemporaries.

It would be an exaggeration to say that these volumes will do anything to improve the position which Keats holds in the history of literature, because by universal consent that position has long ago been assured. Keats modestly said, "I think I shall be among the English poets," and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has finely remarked, "He is—he is with Shakespeare." But it may be admitted that the present edition was well called for. The text of Keats was far from settled, and by constant careless reprinting it had become more and more corrupt. The original editions of his three volumes, which once lay like a drug upon the market, have increased in value until there is perhaps no modern English poetry, except some of Shelley's, which is so hopelessly out of the reach of a collector with a slender purse. It was therefore high time that a careful bibliographer, and Mr. Forman is eminently trustworthy, should prepare a final collection of Keats. It must be confessed, at the same time, that these volumes are bulky, and they are also, of course, costly. We are therefore pleased to see that Mr. Forman promises us a further edition, of the text alone, without notes. For ordinary readers this will be everything which they can desire. We hope that Mr. Forman will take care that the type is clear and large enough, and that there is a good index. The type of the edition now under review is excellent, it is even luxurious. We can hardly expect that of the cheap edition to be as good as this; but we look to Mr. Forman to make it as satisfactory to weak eyes as he can. The microscopical editions of the classic writers now in vogue may be pretty, but they are almost useless.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.*

THE writing, as well as the reading, public is generally pleased to devote itself simultaneously to the same subject; its interest seems to run in seasons, as it were. Just at present the Great Pyramid seems to be again a favourite. For no less than three new books have lately appeared on the subject—*The Solution of the Pyramid Problem*, by Robert Ballard; a little book by Mr. Proctor, called *The Great Pyramid*, in which the author has left, for the moment, his usual line of merely popularizing knowledge already acquired by experts, and has given us a theory which, so far as we know, is entirely new, and which seems to us to be the most plausible solution which has yet been suggested of the great mystery; and, most important of all, *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*, by Mr. Petrie. This last is an elaborate collection of facts, and gives the results of an accurate survey and measurement of the site and masonry of the Great Pyramid, and, to some extent, of the other Pyramids and the temples of Gizeh.

"The materials of the present volume," the author tells us in his introduction, "have been selected from the result of two winters' work in Egypt." The portions of that work dealing with numerous minor points and less important buildings have been already published, or are about to be published, elsewhere; this volume deals simply with one time and place—the buildings of the fourth dynasty at Gizeh. And, even so limited, it must not be regarded as a treatise on the subjects with which it deals, but rather as a complete description of those facts which can be ascertained by measurement, and which have been either neglected or misstated in the more ambitious publications of Colonel Howard Vyse and Professor Piazzi Smyth.

All previous investigations were wanting in accuracy. Some of them, like Howard Vyse's, consisted rather in exploration than observation—exploration, moreover, in too many instances, carried on with a wanton destructiveness that calls to mind the medieval Arab in search of treasure, rather than the modern European in search of truth—some of them, like those of the Prussian expedition, were concerned with inscriptions rather than measurements; others, like those of the French expedition, proved sterile, because the measurements made attained to a less degree of accuracy than was achieved by the original builders; and others again, like Wayman Dixon's and Piazzi Smyth's, consisted solely of measurements of the masonry and neglected survey by triangulation. In none of them were the measurements verified by check observations, nor their limits of probable error ascertained and recorded. One only attempt at an accurate survey had been made before Mr. Petrie's work was undertaken. During the transit expedition of 1874, Mr. Gill, now Astronomer Royal at the Cape, and Professor Watson spent three days in making a survey of the Great Pyramid base, as Mr. Petrie says, "in true geodetic style," and with abundant check observations; but, unfortunately, these observations "were not reduced till five years after, and then by an entire stranger to the apparatus" employed, and hence their results can scarcely be regarded as trustworthy.

In a paper, published in the thirteenth volume of the *Edinburgh Astronomical Observations*, Professor Piazzi Smyth gave a summary of the measurements that still remained to be made at the time that Mr. Petrie set out on his expedition. He pointed out that the interior had been already fairly investigated, and that all that was likely to be obtained in that direction was still greater accuracy. The exterior had, however, been scarcely touched. The points he specially put forward for determination

* *The Solution of the Pyramid Problem*. By Robert Ballard.

The Great Pyramid. By Richard A. Proctor.

The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh. By W. M. Flinders Petrie.

were—the exact position of the original entrance doorway on the north side; the remains, if any, of the pavement, which was supposed to have originally surrounded the Pyramid, and a bit of which Howard Vyse cut down to through the rubbish heaps accumulated on the north side; the levelling of the base; its true corners; its orientation; its squareness: the lengths of its sides; and the slope of the original plane sides of the Pyramid. For these determinations Professor Smyth advised extensive excavations in the rubbish heaps which surround the base of the Pyramid—the cost of which, however, he enormously over-estimated—and he pointed out, for special examination, the sockets in the rock, which were generally supposed to mark the original corners of the Pyramid's base, and to have held its corner-stones. All these points have been determined by Mr. Petrie, and recorded in the volume before us. In order to carry out this work, Mr. Petrie lived at Gizeh from December 1880 to the end of May 1881, and again from October 1881 to April 1882. He occupied the rock-hewn tombs previously used as a dwelling-place by Wayman Dixon, and he obtained the services, as his servant, of Ali Gabri, who has assisted Gill, Smyth, and Dixon in their investigations, and even began at the age of four as basket carrier for Howard Vyse in 1837.

To avoid the possibility of mistakes the observations taken each day were reduced the same evening; but to the special care taken in the measurements, the many check observations made, the accuracy of the instruments, with many peculiar contrivances devised and actually constructed by Mr. Petrie himself, we have not space to refer; and indeed the subject is too technical for the pages of this Review. Suffice it to say, that all these precautions have enabled the author to attain a degree of accuracy and certainty unapproached by any previous investigators. His work is indeed an admirable performance; and it will be long before theory will have overtaken the mass of facts he has recorded in his book, and any further observations will be demanded. In all cases the probable error is stated; the linear measurements are given in inches, and are generally carried to the second place of decimals, and the angular measurements to a single second. "The horizontal measurements outside the Pyramid," as the author tells us, "were entirely performed by triangulation, and this included in a single system the bases of the three larger pyramids; the pavement of the Great Pyramid, the trenches, and basalt pavement, on the E. side of the Great Pyramid, and the walls around the second and third Pyramids."

The most important extension, or correction, of our previous knowledge that Mr. Petrie has made is the determination of the true original base of the Great Pyramid. The pavement originally running round the Pyramid, and portions of which were found by Howard Vyse, has been traced on all four sides. It appears, from the few bits still remaining, that the casing originally rested on the pavement, which is twenty inches thick, and not on the rock beneath. The corner sockets in the solid rock are therefore below the level of the original pavement; they no doubt held the lowest corner-stones of the casing, which, therefore, unlike the rest of the lowest course of casing stones, must have passed through the pavement and rested on the solid rock; greater firmness could thus have been obtained for those stones the accuracy of whose positions was most important. These sockets in the rock are not all of the same level; and hitherto it has been usual to reduce the sockets to the level of the pavement orthogonally, and to assume that the corners of the original base were at the feet of the perpendicular from the sockets on the pavement; but taking the base as determined by the few base casing stones that remain *in situ*, it is found to lie twenty or thirty inches inside the base formerly accepted. This suggests that the corners of the true original base are to be determined by the points where the lines drawn from the sockets to the apex of the Pyramid meet the pavement, and this base is found to agree with those portions of the sides which can still be traced on the pavement, by the few base casing stones remaining, and, strange to say, is far more accurate in orientation and squareness. The levelling of the pavement was not examined with the same care as was devoted to most other points; but, from the observations which best indicate it, it appears that the greatest distance of any part examined from the mean level plane was 7 of an inch. The mean length of a side of the base was found to be 9068.8 inches; the east side is most in error, being 1.1 too short; and the mean error of all four sides is only .6. The accuracy of the angles is even more remarkable. The mean inclination of the sides to those of a mean square is only 12"; and the greatest error is on the north side, which is inclined 23" to the corresponding side of the mean square. The orientation is, however, far more in error; the east and west sides of the mean square being directed as much as 3° 43' to the west of north.

The slope of the sides has an important bearing on the general plan of construction followed by the builders, and 51° 52', with a probable error of 2', seems to be the most probable value. This gives the height as 5776, with a probable error of 7 inches.

With regard to the inside of the Great Pyramid, the edges of the original doorway are, of course, gone with the casing, and it is therefore impossible to determine by direct observation what method, if any, was used originally to close the Pyramid. The fact, however, that interior passages have been found plugged has led, of late, to the general belief that the entrance passage was permanently closed with a block of stone. Yet Strabo, in his account of the Pyramids as they were in his time, says:—"The greater one, a little way up one side, has a stone that may be

taken out, which being raised up there is a sloping passage to the foundations." Mr. Petrie has found unmistakable traces in the doorway of the South Pyramid of Dahshur of a stone flap-door, which must have been opened in a manner exactly suiting the description of Strabo. This, then, was probably also the method by which the Great Pyramid was entered.

The length of the entrance-passage has been carefully re-measured, and Smyth's results have been found to be too short by about one inch on the whole length. The mean inclinations of the entrance and ascending passages are found to differ by about $\frac{1}{2}^\circ$; but it is important to notice that in the immediate neighbourhood of the junction of the two they are much more nearly equal. The azimuth of the entrance-passage was found to be $-3^\circ 44'$, with a probable error of only 10"; and the most probable value of that of the ascending passage is -4° , although here there is the large probable error of 3'. The grand gallery itself has been found, again, to have been measured by Smyth about .8 inch too short. It is worth mentioning here that Mr. Petrie has discovered a relation between the lengths of the short and long slits alternately bored in the ramps on each side; the horizontal length of a long hole is found to be equal to the sloping length of a short one, both being equal to one of the pyramid cubits determined by Mr. Petrie.

Of the ante-chamber Mr. Petrie's observations enable him to say, "The rough and coarse workmanship is astonishing, in comparison with the exquisite masonry of the casing and entrance of the Pyramid"; and, he adds, "the main object in giving the 'details of its measurements' is to show how badly pyramid masons could work." Of the King's Chamber accurate measurements are difficult, owing to the fact that the whole chamber is shaken larger, probably by an earthquake, which has broken every one of the roof-beams across near the southern side. It is, however, just here that Mr. Petrie's measurements are of greatest importance as bearing upon the Pyramid theories. An American gentleman, he tells us, a warm believer in Pyramid theories, came to Gizeh while he was there, and after two days left him with the words, "Well, sir, I feel as if I had been at a funeral." We have not space to give Mr. Petrie's numbers, which overthrow so many of the theories. We will therefore merely state what theories have been overthrown.

Taking the King's Chamber and its coffer first, the King's Chamber does not contain 20 millions of cubic "Pyramid inches"; nor does it contain 1,250 cubic "sacred cubits." The lower course of the King's Chamber does not surround a volume equal to fifty times the interior contents of the coffer. It is, however, just within the limits of probable error that "the outside of the coffer fills $\frac{1}{25}$ of the volume of the chamber up to the first course." The coffer itself does not show the accurate workmanship hitherto attributed to it:—

It is not finely wrought, and cannot in this respect rival the coffer in the second Pyramid. . . . On the N. end is a place, near the W. side, where the saw was run too deep into the granite, and was backed out again by the masons; but this fresh start they made was still too deep, and two inches lower they backed out a second time, having altogether cut out more than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deeper than they intended. On the E. inside is a portion of a tube drill hole remaining, where they tilted the drill over into the side by not working vertically. They tried hard to polish away all that part, and took off about the $\frac{1}{16}$ inch thickness all round it; but still they had to leave the side of the hole $\frac{1}{16}$ inch deep, 3 long, and 1.3 wide. . . . They made a similar error on the N. inside, but of a much less extent.

All this forms a strange comment on Piazza Smyth's enthusiasm over what he calls "a regularly formed and exquisitely prepared specimen of ancient mechanical art." After the quotation we have just made, it is perhaps superfluous to notice any of the theories of exact relations in the coffer; yet we may mention that its hollow contents are not equal to its solid bulk; nor is the bulk of a side and end equal to that of the bottom; nor is the volume equal to the cube of a double Egyptian cubit.

Coming back now into the ante-chamber, we learn that its measurements have been found to be so inaccurate that there is no ground for believing any theory of exact relations to be true. "The granite leaf," says Mr. Petrie, "which has been so much theorized on is but a rough piece of work, and the 'boss' on it is not only the crowning-point of the theories, but is the acme of vagueness as well. To seriously discuss a possible standard of 5 'Pyramid inches' in a thing that may be taken as anywhere between 4.7 and 5.2 inches in breadth, or a standard inch in a thickness varying from .94 to 1.10, would be waste of time." And Mr. Petrie goes on to give a very unromantic, but probably true, explanation of it. He says it "is merely a very rough projection, like innumerable others that may be seen, left originally for the purpose of lifting the blocks. When a building was finished these bosses were knocked away (I picked up a loose one among waste heaps at Gizeh), and the part was dressed down and polished like the rest of the stone"; and he then adds many instances of complete or partial remains of similar bosses to be found in the Great Pyramid, of which fifteen or sixteen are in the King's Chamber alone.

As to the theories of the construction of the Queen's Chamber, there is too large an error for truth both in the theory that the contents of the Queen's Chamber are 10 million cubic "Pyramid inches," and also in the theory that the circuit of the floor is one-third the circuits of the King's Chamber side walls; and "the theory of the wall height being $\frac{1}{10}$ of the Pyramid base is quite beyond possibility." Neither the breadth of the top of the niche nor its eccentricity are one "sacred cubit" in length, though the latter is nearer this theoretic quantity than the former; and "the 'shelf' at the back of the niche being merely a feature of its

destruction, and not original, cannot have any connexion with the original design."

As to the position of the chambers within the Pyramid, their levels are now found not to have been determined by the square equal in area to the vertical section of the Pyramid, nor by the square inscribed in the vertical section of half of the Pyramid; nor are the chambers placed at vertical intervals of 40 cubits.

The entrance of the Pyramid is not 12 cubits east of the middle, as has been supposed, and of course the discovery that each side of the base is some 50 inches shorter than was formerly believed has upset the strange theories founded on its former value, and consequently those founded on the magnitude of the height of the Pyramid and also those relating to its weight.

Owing to Professor Smyth's mistaking the rock bed for the floor of the Pyramid, and thus counting the lowest course as two, his theories relating to the peculiarities of the thirty-fifth and fiftieth courses of masonry break down in so far as the numbers are supposed to have any significance. But, of all the new facts and assertions that will most stagger Professor Piazza Smyth and his disciples, is the one that "there is no authentic example that will bear examination of the use or existence of any such measure as a 'Pyramid inch,' or of a cubit of 25·025 British inches."

NEW LAW BOOKS.*

MR. MONTAGUE LUSH, as becomes one of his name, has published a law-book of solid excellence. The law relating to the property of married people may, since the Act of 1882, be considered to have attained as nearly permanent a form as it is given to any branch of English law to reach. The effect of that Act, stated in the fewest possible words, is to give a married woman as nearly the same rights over her property as if she had remained single as is found practically feasible. The marriage settlements of to-day are required, not to prevent the Common Law from handing over to the bridegroom all the property of the bride, but to save the bride from the temptation of making him a present of it, by putting it out of her power to do so. Mr. Lush's book is not, as so many new law-books are, with such disastrous results in the hands of the incompetent, a digest, but a treatise at large in the old style. This is, perhaps, not to be regretted. The proper compilation of a digest is a most difficult and laborious task; and, when it is done, it supersedes the materials on which it is founded only for those who already know the materials pretty well. The digests of Sir James Stephen and Mr. F. Pollock are as useful, when properly understood, as they are skillfully written; but they have before now proved a snare to second-rate authors and superficial readers. Accurate and exhaustive though Mr. Lush's work is, we have not found in it any mention of a defect in the new Act which in our opinion calls for a remedy. This is that no provision is made to give a husband a successory right to a share of the separate property of his wife upon her decease intestate, corresponding to that which the wife has upon the decease of her husband under the Statute of Distributions. Under the new Act, however, a more just arrangement is made than those of its predecessors as to the liability of a husband for his wife's debts and other obligations incurred before marriage. The law relating to the property of married people is sufficiently definite to require a treatise to itself; and Mr. Lush's book, which satisfies a distinct want, will probably become the standard work on the subject.

Mr. H. A. Smith has published a second edition of his arrangement of the Act to which we owe the appearance of Mr. Lush's work. The book is portable and convenient in form, and the sections of the Act are followed by brief notes explanatory of the principal points that may arise under them.

* *The Law of Husband and Wife.* By Montague Lush, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Married Women's Property Act, 1882. By H. Arthur Smith, M.A., LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Law of Copyright; being the Yorke Prize Essay of the University of Cambridge for the year 1882. By Thomas Edward Scrutton, M.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. Revised and enlarged. London: John Murray. 1883.

A Manual of Bankruptcy and Bills of Sale Law. By J. Edmondson Joel, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Law of Compensation for Unexhausted Agricultural Improvements. By J. W. Willis-Bund, M.A., LL.B., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Butterworths. 1883.

The Conveyancing Acts, 1881 and 1882, and the Settled Land Act, 1882; with Commentaries. By Henry J. Hood, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and Henry W. Challis, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Reeves & Turner. 1884.

The Judicature Acts and Rules of the Supreme Court, 1883. By the late Frederic Philip Tomlinson, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Edited by R. T. Reid, Q.C. London: Clowes & Son, Limited. 1883.

Guide to the New Rules and Practice. By Robert Woodfall, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1883.

The Factors' Acts (1823 to 1877). By Hugh Fenwick Boyd and Arthur Beilby Pearson, of the Inner Temple, Barristers-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The New Law of Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks. By Edward Morton Daniel, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1884.

The Law Student's Annual (Second Year). Edited by Joseph A. Shearwood, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

No critic could approach with a hard heart the consideration of a treatise, expanded from a prize essay, of which the preface modestly concludes, "It is a commonplace of criticism that no good thing can come out of a prize essay, the 'Holy Roman Empire' of my friend Professor Bryce supplying the exception that proves the rule. I dare hardly hope that the following pages may escape this sweeping judgment." Mr. Scrutton's book on *The Law of Copyright* gained the "Yorke Prize" at Cambridge in 1882, and, though we doubt not that its success was well deserved, it contains many of the faults from which a prize essay might be expected to be free. The style of the original reflections upon the place in the cosmic entity occupied by the law of copyright, and upon the first principles which form its foundation, is extremely bad. When we meet with "which have mainly reference to," "The return for the author's intellectual labour thus is obtained by," and "He asks that such unauthorized communication be restrained," in the small compass of one largely-printed octavo page, we cannot attribute all these blemishes to the pardonable haste of a man of less than seven years' standing from his first degree, which is the condition of candidature for the Yorke Prize, to get his work before the public. And, though it makes them less startling, it does not make them more agreeable, to be told that "the question here is whether the protection granted to printed works should also be extended to spoken lectures . . . or, shall a hearer be allowed," &c.; that something "may satisfy a demand which would otherwise have purchased the original work," and that the laws of certain countries make it piracy to translate without authority "any work from a dead language into a living one," before we are one-sixth of the way through the book. We also regret to have to state that most of the speculations about utilitarianism as the theoretical if not the actual basis of legislation, and what is and is not the aim of the State, are perfunctorily written and unprofitable reading. In fact, the whole of the chapter of jejune philosophy which is headed "Principles of the Law of Copyright" is almost as uninteresting from the ornamental as it is unimportant from the business point of view. But the reader who is not disheartened by this unpromising beginning will have his courage rewarded when he comes to the statements of hard facts whose sources are accessible to any industrious person who chooses to study the subject. The chapter on the "History of the English Law of Copyright," and the following one, giving an account of the existing state of the law as to copyright in books, are particularly good. The subject is manageable, as the statutes passed from time to time have been few and not very complicated, and the reported cases that preceded and followed them are capable of being brought well within Mr. Scrutton's limits. Following chapters give lucid and sufficiently accurate accounts of copyright in plays, musical compositions, and works of art respectively, and we are glad to notice in passing that the chapter on "Principles of Artistic Copyright" is quite inoffensive in spite of its title. The questions of Colonial and International Copyright are briefly dealt with at the end of the book. The author gives in each chapter the recommendations of the Copyright Commissioners upon the branch of the subject under discussion, and his own not always very cogent reasons for approving or disapproving of them. If the book consisted only of the good part of it (about three-quarters) it would be a highly praiseworthy performance, and not only more useful but much more convenient in size and shape. Mr. Scrutton is not a profound or a very accurate philosopher, but he is laborious and exhaustive, and states simple facts simply and pleasantly. He would do well, in future works, to be less free with his italics, and to refer in his indexes to pages and not to articles.

If a manual means a book that can be conveniently carried or held in the hand, Mr. Joel's *Manual of Bankruptcy and Bills of Sale Law* is rather misdescribed by that title. It contains, however, as complete an account of the Bankruptcy Act of last year as could be given before there had been any decisions upon it, and is enriched by the Rules for the administration of the Act which were published at the end of December, and by a goodly collection of forms, scales of costs, &c. It also enables us as literally as possible to obey the behest of the Bills of Sale Act, 1882, that "this Act shall, so far as is consistent with the tenor thereof, be construed as one with the principal Act [that of 1878]"; for the two Acts are printed together, section for section, the repealed parts of the Act of 1878 being printed in italics. This arrangement makes it possible to ascertain the law on any point with great ease and quickness, and altogether the great size of the book is the chief fault we have to find with it. The writers of law-books have cause to bless Mr. Chamberlain—a singularity of which they should be proud.

Though books on bankruptcy are very common, we doubt whether there are not almost as many books on the Agricultural Holdings Acts. We noticed two of them a few weeks ago, and now we have a second edition of Mr. J. W. Willis-Bund's excellent work on the Law of Compensation for Unexhausted Improvements, with the Act of 1883 duly annotated, and an appendix containing forms of a lease, an award of compensation for improvements, and every conceivable kind of notice. The chief feature of the book, however, is the short account given of "the custom of the country" in every county in England and some in Wales, which, presuming them to be as accurate as the appearance of a second edition seems to indicate that they are, can hardly fail to be of use to those concerned in agricultural litigation.

The rapidity with which a second edition of Messrs. Hood and Challis's book on Conveyancing has followed the first makes it un-

necessary for us to say more than that it appears to have been adapted to recent legislation with all the care which the merits of the book and the learning of the authors would lead us to expect. The new features in this edition are a considerable addition to the disquisition on the law of real property generally with which the book begins, the text of the Conveyancing and Settled Land Acts of 1882, the rules incident to those Acts, and a useful summary of the provisions of the latter of them. It is a book which no conveyancer should be without.

Mr. Reid, Q.C., prefaces with a graceful note a voluminous work on the Judicature Acts and Rules written by his brother-in-law, the late Mr. F. P. Tomlinson. The book contains the text of the Acts of 1873 and 1875, and of the Rules, those parts of them which are new being indicated by different typographical devices. The appendices contain vast wealth of forms, and the whole book betokens so much patience and industry that every one must share Mr. Reid's regret that the author's life should have been cut short at the moment of the accomplishment of his design.

Considering how very many books on the New Rules have been published, we cannot confidently predict any overwhelming measure of success for Mr. Woodfall's *Guide to the New Rules and Practice*, for the merit for which it is chiefly conspicuous—that of brevity—has been attained by the simple method of “not printing the Rules *in extenso* . . . but omitting all those which are identical with the former Rules.” We fear that those practitioners who know their Rules so well as never to want to refer to those parts of the present code which are only re-enactment are too great and good to have need of any books at all.

In reading Messrs. Boyd and Pearson's book on the Factors' Acts it is impossible not to feel a constant assurance that it was written only because the authors had nothing better to do. The body of law of which it treats practically assumed its final shape as long ago as 1842, since which time it has remained unaltered, save by a short and not very important Amending Act of 1877. Under these circumstances, and considering that the law about factors is tolerably well ascertained in the somewhat limited circle of those habitually engaged in its administration, we cannot hail this little book as one likely to be of great service to the profession. The authors are worse than Mr. Scrutton in the profusion with which they have scattered italics throughout their volume.

Mr. Morton Daniel publishes an edition of the Patents, Trade Marks, and Designs Act, with the rules, and a number of forms. His introduction gives a careful account of the still not otherwise than complicated things which a patentee should do to secure his rights. His book is very complete, and will be useful to patentees.

The Law Students' Annual is now published by Mr. J. A. Shearwood for the second time, and must therefore be presumed to have been useful to somebody. It consists of copies of all the papers set in the various law examinations for admission to the Bar and to the roll of solicitors throughout the year, with hints for answering them. Mr. Shearwood recommends some very surprising text-books to intending candidates, which makes the success in tuition of which his advertisements boast all the more praiseworthy. We are more sorry than surprised to read in a chapter called “How to Answer Examination Questions” that “there are some points, more particularly in Common Law, which are based on common sense.” For we have ever held facetiousness in law-books to be the lowest form of humour.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.*

AFTER years of delay, we are now fairly embarked in the way of having a real English Dictionary. What! the reader may exclaim, have we not Johnson, Richardson, Latham, and Webster's Unabridged, and more also? Yes, good reader; all these are certainly with us. There is Johnson's great original work, a truly “path-breaking” work, as the Germans say, with its preface which no scholar at this day can read without sympathy and reverence; a work not free from the faults of its age, nor from other individual defects known and admitted, with characteristic frankness, by the author himself, but in the main a vast and worthy monument of honourable toil. Its methods and its philology are, of course, those of the eighteenth century. To say this is to say that it cannot suffice to the nineteenth century, even as a groundwork. Almost nothing was known in Johnson's time of the real history of our language. Its evidences were obscure, and in great part unfinished. Etymology, wherever doubt was at all possible, was at best lucky guesswork, for scientific philology was not yet born. Johnson's Dictionary, like Blackstone's Commentaries, deserved and won lasting fame for the man who could, single-handed, make so much of order out of a chaos. But a century does much to change law and language themselves, more to change the scope and the methods of our knowledge concerning them. If we would truly honour the work of our fathers, and effectually satisfy our own needs, we must do in our day what our fathers did in theirs, not patch and boggle their work, but begin orderly anew. This consideration alone would dispose of Latham's Dictionary, which is to Johnson as Stephen's Commentaries to Blackstone—a performance doomed by its conditions to be timid and meagre, unpleasing in form, and savourless for want of any

root of individual substance; and yet meritorious in its way, and useful until the time be ripe for something better. Then there is Richardson, that curious mixture of wide reading and happy literary illustration with philological perversity; perversity we must say, for in the second quarter of this century a man who dealt systematically with the English tongue ought to have made some advance on Horne Tooke. And there are those who put their trust in Webster; of which there is only to be said that it does not even pretend to do real service for philology, or to be more than a copious word-book for common uses. It has discredited, so far as in it lay, much that had good warrant, has given credit to things without warrant, and has corrupted the spelling of half a continent. There are dictionaries of another class, such as the “Imperial,” which add a certain amount of general information to the explanation of words, making, in fact, a compromise between a Dictionary and a Cyclopædia. For that very reason it is not possible that they should deal adequately with the language as language.

As long ago as 1857 the plan of a scientific and historical English Dictionary was laid down, Archbishop Trench being the first mover in the matter, by the Philological Society. Considerable preparations were made in the methodical reading of books, especially the earlier books, by various workers, and in digesting the material thus collected. But partly for want of funds, partly for want of an editor and publisher, the scheme languished for many years. At last the editor has been found in the person of Dr. Murray, and the other difficulties have been removed by the Clarendon Press undertaking the publication. Perhaps the lapse of time is not wholly to be regretted. For there has appeared meanwhile the great French Dictionary of Littré, which is not only, like Johnson's, a marvellous achievement for one man, and great for its time, but (we think it may be said without exception) the most absolute masterwork in that kind yet accomplished by human learning. In divers ways this has manifestly furthered the work in England. First, it has shown what is possible to be done, and that by one man, in illustrating a modern language; it has fixed a standard for emulation, and refuted the cruel saying of Charles Lamb. So far from being of those books which are no books, Littré's Dictionary is a book whose one fault is that it is dangerous for a busy man to use, for one can hardly leave it; one lingers and expatiates in it, and feigns to oneself plausible reasons for looking out another word. And of such, or, if possible, of greater interest (for the field is wider and the materials richer), the new English Dictionary likewise will be. Another gain more positive and tangible than this, though hardly greater, is the weight of knowledge and authority contributed by Littré for the history of such words extant in modern French as have at any time passed into English, or have a common origin with distinct English words. Add to this the store of experience offered to us ready made by Littré, the pattern and details of a master's handling set forth in complete execution. If we say, in one word, that Dr. Murray and his fellow-workers are giving us an English Littré, we shall give a better summary notion of the Clarendon Press Dictionary than by a laboured description. We almost fear, indeed, that to some competent judges we may seem to say too much; but, knowing something of the work and the workers, we do not think the parallel overshoots the mark.

In one material respect the present plan is of greater scale than Littré's. That admirable scholar, being single-handed for the main stress of his enterprise, limited himself to French words yet living in current usage. Our English Dictionary, the full harvest of many reapers, draws no such line. It “aims at exhibiting the history and signification of the English words now in use, or known to have been in use since the middle of the twelfth century.” This period is fixed as being approximately that when English had ceased to be a fully inflected language, and had lost most of the native words that were destined to disappear. When, however, a word is once included as having been in use since 1150, its history is traced back as far as possible, it may be to the very first records of Old English. The philological advantage of this enlarged aim is obvious; for oftentimes the history of a living word can be fully made out only by the help of words akin to it in root, meaning, or construction, which have themselves become obsolete, as well as obsolete meanings and construction of words that survive in other usages. For the rest, this is but one of the points on which the scholar will find information in the pages of “General Explanations” prefixed to this first part, which should be read if only to appreciate the carefulness with which the plan has been worked out. One thing, however, is not explained. Dr. Murray dates his Preface from “The Scriptorium.” What is the Scriptorium? Is it an inkhorn term for the kind of room our great-grandfathers called a closet, and we call a study? Not so; Dr. Murray is too good an English scholar to use Latin words for nothing. It is a temporary house in Dr. Murray's garden at Mill Hill, in externals much like a greenhouse, wherein the rest of the Dictionary is a-making. (The Dictionary *s.v.* A, prep. = on, par. 13, says this use of the verbal substantive is archaic. So much the worse for the Dictionary, and let this be our first criticism.) This house or hut, then, is lined with what seem book-cases, only the cases are divided, not into common shelves, but into rows of pigeon-holes. Every pigeon-hole is assigned to some portion of a particular letter of the alphabet, and is full of slips containing illustrative quotations, which have already gone through a first process of sorting according to date and signification. The bundle of slips relating to any given word is the skeleton of the article on that word which will

* A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles: founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. &c. Part I. A—Ant. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.

appear in due course in the Dictionary. How the bundle of slips is converted into the finished article (the harmless ambiguity of the phrase is unavoidable and will be excused); with what anxious care doubtful points have been sifted by correspondence and discussion; how unexpected lights have been found, or a suspicious word left under a cloud only after all ways had been exhausted; how, now and again, a mere *vox nihili* of earlier dictionary-makers (see *Abacot* in this part) has been run down to its original error and exploded—all this will, some day, make a most curious record, and we hope to see it either as an appendix to the Dictionary or as a separate publication. Littré's example is not wanting for this also. But the time and the manner are for Dr. Murray to determine, not for us. We perceive, moreover, that we have said next to nothing of the contents of this first instalment, of whose quality we are bound to give some taste. To satisfy our readers in this behalf must be the office of a further notice.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.*

LOVERS of fine verse will hail with pleasure the republication of those stirring ballads which Sir Francis Doyle first gave to the world some fifteen years ago, and to which he has now added several new poems. Sir Francis Doyle's claim to be considered one of the direct contributors to the poetic achievement of the age is based upon the success with which he has treated modern heroic themes. The poetry of a nation must, indeed, be decadent if none of its singers dare to handle the deeds of courage and devotion which take place in the world around them. Yet were it not for a few writers like Sir Francis Doyle and Sir Alfred Lyall, we should hardly escape this reproach. The author of *The Return of the Guards* seems to have the power, as Scott and Macaulay had, of realizing intensely the emotional elements in historic events. This power is quite apart from that of the dramatist, and, if it has no name, is easily recognizable in the failure or success which waits on those who attempt to write ballads. All who love ballads and the ballad spirit in poetry, have only to read Sir Francis Doyle's poems to recognize the true ring in the swift and loud-resounding verse which tells of "The Charge of Balaclava," "The Red Thread of Honour," "The Private of the Buffs," or "The Wreck of the Birkenhead." There are many other good ballads in the volume, but the four just named are by far the best. "The Charge of Balaclava" is one of the most spirited battle-songs of modern literature. Throughout Sir Francis Doyle's poem the metrical expression fits closely round the thought, and the rhythm changes and develops as the action changes and develops in a way which greatly enhances the effect. There should be no need to introduce our readers to such lines as—

But still against the wondering foe
In stubborn silence onward go,
Unflecked, unslackening, undismayed,
The living of the Light Brigade.

Yet we give ourselves the pleasure of quoting them. In "The Red Thread of Honour," it is impossible to congratulate the poet on so complete a success in the manner in which he has treated his subject, though the emotional effect he has produced is even more remarkable. It would be a distinct improvement if the long lines which are here employed to give somewhat unnecessary explanations were left out. They break the unity of the ballad. Fortunately they adhere so loosely to the vital stock of the poem that its noble and chivalrous numbers can be easily enjoyed without reading them. "The Private of the Buffs" is another of those poems which are certain to be remembered for their power of touching those emotions which respond to the record of deeds of chivalrous devotion, of sacrifices for the sake of personal honour or of patriotism. "The Wreck of the Birkenhead" appeals to such emotions in their simplest form, unmixed with what by comparison seems sophistication, the mere ideals of military honour, pride of race, or unwillingness to yield to force. Who could treat a subject of such chastened sublimity with adequate words. Still Sir Francis Doyle has told the externals of the story well, and has written a poem of great tenderness and nobility of expression.

In two other poems on modern subjects, "Robin Hood's Bay" and "The Doncaster St. Leger," a less distinct success is achieved than in the four poems already touched on. "Robin Hood's Bay" is the most important of the additions to the present volume. The story is another of those themes of modern heroism which the poet so rightly chooses. It is simple enough in scheme. A fisher lad carries a girl in safety through the surf. She had been one of a party of pleasure-seekers caught by the tide. He saved her in the discharge of duty. The point of the poem is the exaltation of both actors by the accident of their situation. The development of this motive leads the poet to general reflections and reviving hopes which, if not particularly remarkable in expression, are at least the result of noble and generous aspirations. Still, the poem is very pleasant reading just because it is full of these aspirations, which, spread as they are throughout his poems, give Sir Francis Doyle's work so simple and honest a character. In "The Doncaster St. Leger" Sir Francis Doyle essays to be the Pindar of the Yorkshiremen. Surely there needs no kind of apology for such a choice of subject. Yet the author is asking us all through not to "sneer" at his poem.

It is this and the contemplative or critical attitude which he adopts which spoil what might have been a fine ode on a fine subject. Directness, simplicity of mood, is what we want, but the poet all the time is not really entering into the spirit of the Yorkshire crowd, but telling us instead how interesting it was to watch them, and how keen they were. Of course they were keen, but our Pindar of the Moors will not write like this:—

And during all that anxious time
(Sneer as it suits you at my rhyme)
The earnestness became sublime;
Common and trite as is the scene,
At once so thrilling and so mean.

It is impossible not to regret that so large a part of Sir Francis Doyle's work should have been devoted to classical subjects. Those of the classical subjects which he treats in the ballad form, like "Caius Manlius Capitolinus," "The Mother and Daughter," or "The Athenian Battle Hymn at Marathon," are indeed full of spirit; but we could well spare "The Vision of Er the Pamphylian," or "Demosthenes," if the poet instead would tell us how Gillespie led his troopers from Arcot to Vellore; or how Baird, remembering his chains and the dungeons of the Sultaun, stormed sword in hand the palaces of Hyder. This is, however, a very ungracious way to thank the poet for work like the elegy which gives its name to the volume. Nor is the vision of "Er the Pamphylian" anything but an interesting poem. The numbers are harmonious and the language is elegant and scholarly throughout. Couplets such as

Unkindled yet the war-god's altar flame,
And his red planet flared without a name,

are enough to show that the poem has a *raison d'être* of its own. The tale of the Lower Empire called "Gythia" also displays the qualities of careful versification, and makes a fine story; but again the thought returns of the ballads which might be enjoyed in its place.

NAUTICAL HANDBOOKS.*

THE neat little word-book which Mr. Clark Russell has published may prove a useful glossary to some of his own novels, and may also be useful to others than readers of romance. He says in his preface—which, notwithstanding that it is the preface to a dictionary, is a great deal more entertaining than prefaces usually are—that his work is "offered to the public because many might be glad to possess a cheap book of convenient size that would enable them to satisfy themselves without trouble about the meaning of nautical words often met with, but not always intelligible." Here, no doubt, he is quite right. Sailors' language is a strange mystery to those who have had the misfortune to pass their lives on dry land, and a short and simple key to it is likely to be appreciated by a good many people who occasionally want to know the meaning of nautical terms mysterious to them as the symbols of the mathematician. The word-book of the late Admiral Smyth is in many respects an excellent one, and in speaking slightly of it the present author certainly shows no great wisdom; but it is a very elaborate work, and there is room for a smaller and cheaper one, which may be useful to not a few who have to give a little study to the strange words that sailors use. Mr. Clark Russell specially refers to lawyers as needing some knowledge of sea talk, and being occasionally sorely puzzled by it, going so far as to say that, "of all the various features of procedure in marine courts, nothing is so curious as the bewilderment excited in the legal breast by the statements of nautical witnesses." It may be doubted whether he is altogether right here; and probably, if he ever has the misfortune—which we trust he never may have—to be cross-examined by a counsel practising in the Admiralty Court, he may discover that the barrister who has been stimulated to learn by heavy fees is not by any means so ignorant or so helpless as he imagines him to be. It can fairly be admitted, however, that there are few barristers who would not be puzzled by the words he cites in his preface; but, in endeavouring to show how the ignorant lawyer may be bewildered, he unfortunately succeeds in showing how even the high nautical scholar may go wrong. He gives a specimen of the kind of sentence that puzzles counsel, and in it makes mention of "spritsail gaffs." Vainly will the anxious reader bent on deciphering the enigma turn to the glossary to ascertain what a "spritsail gaff" is. No enlightenment will he find, and he will be driven to the conclusion that Mr. Russell is like Hegel, who, when asked to explain one of his own sentences, said that he had forgotten the meaning. Possibly he may also come to the conclusion that a writer who does not explain a term to which he draws attention at the outset is not a very able guide, and that, in this case, the tutor is not those two pages ahead of his pupil which, according to good authority, a competent teacher ought to be.

Such a view, however, would be unfair to Mr. Clark Russell, who has a knowledge of sea-terms not always possessed by those who have left the sea for some time, and has in some respects evidently been very careful in compiling his little book. Unfortunately in others he has been careless. He says very modestly in his preface that he does not pretend that his catalogue is ex-

* *Sailors' Language: a Collection of Sea-terms and their Definitions.* By W. Clark Russell. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Sailor's Handbook. By Captain F. G. D. Bedford, R.N. Portsmouth: Griffen & Co.

* *The Return of the Guards, and other Poems.* By Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

haustive, that scores of words of which he never heard are no doubt wanting, and that any sea-terms and definitions addressed to him will be gratefully received. In this he is, perhaps, too diffident. It is difficult to suppose that he is in any way ignorant of the most esoteric portion of a sailor's phraseology. Of the more recondite words, of those least likely to fall on a landsman's ear, he seems to have full knowledge. He may very possibly please inquirers who want to plunge deep into nautical lore; but, strange to say, he is not so likely to please those who desire information of a simpler kind. A good many men who would not care to know the meaning of "boot topping," or "pazarie," or who would be even indifferent to a rendering of the mysterious spritsail gaff, may want to know what a main-deck is, or what a maintopsail is, or what the main-boom of a fore-and-aft craft is; but on these points Mr. Clark Russell cruelly refuses to give information, though he describes the two divisions of the topsail under "upper" and "lower." He certainly ought to explain what a main-deck is, because the word is so often used, and, strange to say, is not always used in the same sense by naval officers and by merchant officers. The maintopsail is, on the whole, the most important sail in a ship, and it is not enough briefly to describe the topsail yard without mentioning the sail; and it is curious that the author should ignore the main-boom, as he once showed great regard for that spar, and overlooked the fact that it is generally rendered powerless for good or evil in a gale of wind and the modest trysail substituted for the mainsail. Other omissions mar the value of the work. Although the words "lee" and "windward" are by no means unknown on shore, landsmen on board ship are sometimes much puzzled by the constant repetition of the terms "to windward" and "to leeward," and get confused over them, jumbling them up with port and starboard, and suffering much in consequence before the truth is revealed to them. Mr. Clark Russell defines "leeward"—not particularly well—but does not define "windward" or "to windward." In like manner he gives no definition of "lie to" or "lying to," and does not explain what is meant by the expressions "carrying lee helm" and "carrying weather helm," which frequently bewilder those who have got through elementary difficulties. On another point of interest he is also unfortunately silent. The cat-o'-nine-tails is now laid up for good, but, considering its long and valued services, it ought certainly to be described in a dictionary of sea-terms, and not merely mentioned incidentally.

With regard to sea language of a lighter and more sportive kind Mr. Clark Russell's dictionary is also at once excessive and deficient. In his anxiety to teach everything, he gives words which can hardly be considered as being specially sailors' words, while he omits one or two time-honoured expressions. "Swig," for swallow, is an old word, originally identical with "swidge," and no more belongs specially to sailors than it does to labourers or artisans. "Tight" as indicating drunkenness is merely old and very vulgar slang, quite as common amongst cockneys as amongst those who dwell in the fore-castle. "Slewed," with the same meaning, is no doubt a sailor's word, but it belongs to very dull nautical slang, and might well have been left out. "Bully for you" is, unless we are much mistaken, an Americanism, and, though it may now be common amongst sailors, it was not originated by them. These words should not appear in the vocabulary; and, on the other hand, two or three words which certainly should be there find no place in it. "Shellback," that most expressive term, meaning a sailor, whose back, owing to constant pulling and hauling generally becomes more or less convex, is not given in the body of the work, though attention is drawn to it in the preface. The clumsy expression "sleep in," indicating slumber during the whole night, or during what ought to be a watch on deck, is given, but the phrase "all night in," which tells its own story so well, finds no place in the index; and that quaintest of terms, "sky pilot," whereby a seaman means a priest, who knows how to steer the right course aloft, is not given in "sailors' language." It must be added that one or two words are inserted which are obsolete, while some of the explanations are not full and accurate. Mast-heading, the amiable practice of captains of former days, was put a stop to by the Admiralty many years ago. Main-topmast studding sails, which the writer describes, may still be used in merchant ships, but they were discarded long since in the navy as doing more harm than good. To define "beam" as meaning the point of the sea or horizon abreast of the midship section of a ship may in one peculiar sense be accurate, but it is most eccentric and misleading. "Beam," one of the commonest expressions amongst sailors, usually means a vessel's breadth, and it is used in this sense by Mr. Clark Russell when describing a Baltimore clipper. For defining "athwart our hawse," as being said of a ship crossing another's bows, Mr. Clark Russell may have authority, but surely the expression properly relates, as his definition of "athwart hawse" tends to show, to the cases where a vessel, or a boat, or a spar has drifted across the bows of a ship at anchor. It is difficult indeed to see how the word "hawse" can be rightly used about a ship which is under sail. Even, however, if this definition is accepted, it can hardly be maintained that Mr. Clark Russell is correct when he says that "fetch" means to "reach or arrive at by sailing or steaming, as, We fetched the harbour"; and that to "fetch out" means to get out of harbour by beating or sailing close. The word as commonly used on board sailing ships refers to a vessel's getting past a point, or to windward of or close to a lightship or buoy, or into or out of harbour, without making a tack. Such mistakes as this and the others we have pointed out ought not to occur in the work of a writer who has great

knowledge of the sea, and has given much attention to sea-terms; and we regret to have to point out another which calls for graver reprobation as showing a slight forgetfulness of good taste. Mr. Clark Russell defines a freshwater sailor as "A yachtman. A green hand." As in *The Lady Maud* he made some mistakes which any competent yachtman would have corrected in a moment, he had better have abstained from this feeble joke, which can only be attributed to the fact that he knows nothing whatever about yachting. A good many yachtmen neither are, nor pretend to be, sailors in the very least; but some, on the other hand, are excellent fore and aft seamen. Quite lately one amateur, Mr. Hartley Burton, has sailed a schooner of ninety tons round the world, while another, Mr. E. F. Knight, has sailed a thirty-ton yawl to Buenos Ayres, and thence to the West Indies—a feat which it would puzzle many a certificated master and first mate to perform. Appreciation of these facts, and of a good many others which the author will discover if he will turn his attention to a subject of which he is at present ignorant, will doubtless induce him to expunge this pleasantry in a second edition. To a second edition his book may very possibly be destined. It has, as we have shown, considerable faults, but, on the other hand, it is by no means without merits, and is likely to be consulted by many. By careful revision and correction of sins of omission and commission it may be made a really valuable handbook.

Of a very different order from Mr. Clark Russell's compilation is the remarkable *Sailor's Handbook*, by Captain F. G. D. Bedford, R.N., of which a new edition has lately appeared. We live in days of epitomes, but, as a rule, those who produce them are indifferent to bulk, if indeed they do not prefer bulky books; and it is something new to find an epitome which gives a vast amount of information, but takes the shape of a small, handy volume. Most singular, indeed, is the amount of practical and useful knowledge shown in this book, which, like others, happily gives proof of the unswerving diligence with which naval officers of the present day study all that relates to their profession. Captain Bedford treats of parts of the coasts of North America, the West Indies, South America, Africa, China, Japan, and Australia, and of the Pacific. He mentions the principal lines of steamers to the great ports, briefly sums up sailing directions, states what charts and books are required for various seas, and gives a good deal of pertinent information in a wonderfully compact form about the various seaports, about the money current at various places, about the weights and measures in use, and about other matters. In many respects is Captain Bedford's book, containing so much in such a small space, likely to be useful to mariners of all kinds and degree; but in one respect it is almost certain to be pre-eminently useful. Steamers are more and more thrusting out sailing, and seem likely before long to monopolize the traffic of the world, and for the owners and captains of steamers the question of coal supply is all-important. Captain Bedford states, in many cases, where coal is to be obtained, what the prices are, and is so careful as to explain how it is brought on board. The price, of course, must necessarily vary from time to time; but no doubt the prices mentioned fairly represent the average, and at all events they will give the captains of ships some idea of what they will have to pay for restoring the vitality of their vessels. By giving information on this point and on so many minor, but by no means unimportant ones, Captain Bedford has earned the gratitude of sailors; and if his book is as accurate as it appears to be, it will certainly take the place which he modestly claims for it, and, "while principally useful for those who are paying a first visit to a station," be found "a handy book of reference for all."

THE FOLK-LORE OF SHAKESPEARE.*

MR. T. F. Thielton Dyer's *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare* contains a mass of information and quotations diligently brought together, much of which is curious, much amusing, and some useful. We cannot say, however, that the scholarship and general knowledge brought to bear on the work are such as they might have been, or even such as might be fairly expected. Thus in one paragraph two impossible derivations of the word "gossamer" are quoted from different sources; the true one, given in Mr. Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, which every student and worker in English literature ought to have at his elbow, is not mentioned. The note on "sagittary" reads as if the writer had never met with Centaurs in art or mythology, nor with the signs of the Zodiac in an almanac. The transmigration of souls is described as a "primitive superstition" which "is almost effete amongst civilized nations," but still "retains an important place in the religious beliefs of savage and uncivilized communities." Neither Brahmanism nor Buddhism is effete by any means, nor can the races and nations of India, China, and the Indo-Chinese countries be disposed of as "savage and uncivilized communities." Perhaps a compiler is not to be censured for being content to quote Nares without addition; but it is the fact that the custom of swearing by the sword is much older than the Crusades in both Europe and Asia.

These are perhaps venial faults of omission; but we cannot help being surprised by the curious want of relation to common knowledge of modern things which frequently crops up in Mr. Dyer's remarks. On "gaudy days," he notes, "fast-days in the colleges of our universities are so called." For "our universities" read

* *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare*. By Rev. T. F. Thielton Dyer. London: Griffith & Farran. 1883.

"Oxford." The term is not in use at Cambridge. Football is described as a "once highly popular game"; and we are told that "at a comparatively recent period it was played in Derby, Nottingham, Kingston-upon-Thames, &c." Our own belief is that "at a comparatively recent period"—say any day this winter—it has been played in these and a great many other places, including Oxford, Cambridge, and (from the end of the Midsummer to the beginning of the Christmas holidays, or, in some cases, till Easter) every public school in the kingdom, to say nothing of the rest. Then one need not be much of a naturalist to know that the slow-worm is not "a little snake with very small eyes," not being a snake at all; and if the "ancient belief that sorrow shortened life" has been disproved, it is a very strange though welcome piece of news. The game of stool-ball, the rudimentary form of cricket, though supplanted in renown by its offspring, is not extinct, but still flourishes as a rustic pastime in Surrey, and elsewhere for aught we know. A quotation from "Mr. Blackstone's" Commentaries looks odd at this time of day. Apart from the tolerably familiar fact that Blackstone became a judge and was knighted, we do not cite Mr. Gibbon or Mr. Hume. But most singular of all is this elucidation, which the judicious reader will appreciate without comment:—

Small-pox. Such a terrible plague was this disease in the days of our ancestors that its name was used as an imprecation.

On the whole, we fear the author of *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare* must have either written in great haste or amassed a plentiful lack of things generally known.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE saying that "one shall be taken and the other left" is strikingly illustrated by the respective literary fortunes of Wilhelm Vatke (1), the subject of Professor Benecke's copious and handsome biography, and his early friend David Friedrich Strauss. Both came forward at the same time with equal hopes and equal learning to apply the principles of the Hegelian philosophy to historical exegesis; but while Strauss's *Leben Jesu* has produced an immense direct and a still greater indirect effect upon opinion, Vatke's "Biblical Theology" never penetrated beyond professional circles, and was never completed by the author. Other and more successful critics may probably have been largely affected by Vatke's views, but he scarcely survives as a distinguishable first-hand influence in theology. His career was in other respects more fortunate than his friend's. He was neither unsettled in his circumstances nor unhappy in his domestic relations; and his activity as teacher at the University of Berlin was for a long time highly important. It was eventually paralysed by the intrigues of Hengstenberg, who, backed up by a reactionary King and Ministry, systematically intimidated students from attending Vatke's lectures. The latter, however, maintained his position nearly till his death; studying incessantly, but publishing nothing. We gather that he came to distrust his old teacher Hegel; his negative views in Biblical criticism underwent no change. He was a man of sterling worth, firm, sensible, and benevolent. His most remarkable friends were Strauss and Zeller, the historian of Greek philosophy. The numerous letters from Strauss are perhaps the most interesting things in the book. They exhibit his wonted eagerness and candour, with the shade of petulance habitual to him. Vatke was an accomplished musician, Strauss a passionate admirer of music; and the account of the friends' joint pursuit of their favourite recreation is almost pathetic, with that touch of drollery from which German pathos is sometimes not exempt. Professor Benecke's biography is ably and impartially written, and, barren as Vatke's life was of external incidents, hardly seems too long. One of its most valuable chapters is an analysis of the "Biblical Theology," laying special stress on Vatke's views on the fusion of Jewish and Persian religious ideas during the Captivity.

Lukasz Gornicki (2) was one of the most distinguished of the Polish humanists who in the sixteenth century introduced into their country a refinement of taste destined to be obliterated in the next age by the bombast and pedantry of the Jesuits. He had the advantage of passing his youth in Italy, and after his return adapted Castiglione's *Cortigiano* to the needs and capacities of his countrymen. It is significant that he found himself obliged to place the portions of the dialogues assigned in the original to ladies in the mouths of male speakers, and to omit allusions to pictures and statues, with which his untravelled countrymen were totally unacquainted. He also translated Seneca's *Troas* and *De Beneficiis*; and composed poems, political treatises, and minor essays in an elegant, though diffuse, style, which contributed much to the refinement of his native language. A master of form, but destitute of original talent, a patriot, but a willing servant of the great, he was a perfect type of the character most frequently produced by the Renaissance.

Professor Hermann Schumacher (3) seems to have spent some years at Bogota as director of the National Observatory, and to

have thus had ample means of making himself acquainted with the labours of the few distinguished men who, in the face of every discouragement, have laboured to introduce science into one of the most intellectually backward portions of Spanish America. Three typical personages have been selected by him—the botanist Mutis, the astronomer Caldas, and the geographer and naturalist Codazzi—whose biographies, interspersed with copious references to their scientific coadjutors, constitute in some measure a history of Colombian science from 1760 to 1860. All were meritorious men. Mutis, a Spaniard, despatched on a scientific mission, formed a great botanical collection and founded the observatory, which Caldas, a self-taught astronomer, greatly improved. Caldas also founded the first literary and scientific journal in the country. Codazzi, an Italian by birth, did wonders in topographical and geological exploration and surveying. All were unfortunate. Mutis was neglected until, in his old age, the respect shown him by Humboldt enlightened his fellow-citizens as to his merits; Caldas died a martyr to the independence of his country; Codazzi's labours were allowed to remain unpublished. Professor Schumacher's volume, though over-bulky, and not very clearly arranged, is well adapted to excite interest and sympathy for these men and others like them who have contended with the ignorance and turbulence of South America. It is accompanied with copious notes, containing a great amount of most interesting scientific, biographical, and bibliographical information.

A new journal devoted to cuneiform studies under the editorship of MM. Bezold and Hommel (4) will form a welcome medium of intercommunication among the select body of the learned devoted to this interesting and difficult pursuit. In the first number Schrader, Oppert, Sayce, and Hommel appear as contributors, and Bezold, Halévy, and Strassmaier as correspondents. The most generally interesting papers, perhaps, are Hommel's on the date of the dynasty of Khammurabi, and Oppert's translation of a Babylonian contract for the sale of landed property.

Gustav Körting's "Encyclopædia" of the philology of the Romance languages (5) threatens to deserve its title, if an opinion may be formed by the extent of preliminary matter comprised in the first part, much of which seems wholly superfluous. Herr Körting's fault, however, is rather irrelevance than tediousness. He writes clearly and forcibly, and two chapters of his work are very excellent—his history of the philological study of the Romance idioms, and his admonitions respecting the spirit in which it should be prosecuted.

The Genealogical Almanack of the Dresden Court bookseller (6) is a useful compendium for those who find the *Almanach de Gotha* too extensive; it is, however, a serious defect that, being limited to families actually reigning, it contains neither Bourbons nor Bonapartes, while full justice is done to Lippe and Monaco. The feature of the present volume is a portrait of the King of Spain in his renowned Uhlan uniform, in which he certainly appears to advantage.

Dr. Hasbach's treatise on mutual insurance among the English working classes (7) is one of those exhaustive monographs which compel students to resort to Germany for information about their own countrymen. With marvellous industry, and a lucidity no less admirable, Dr. Hasbach has digested the entire history of English Benefit, Provident, and Friendly Societies, and of the legislation relating to them, from a mass of Blue-books and Acts of Parliament; deriving, no doubt, great assistance from the Reports of Mr. Ludlow and other labourers in the same field. His ultimate conclusion is that the amount of insurance must be increased by seventy per cent., involving a nearly corresponding augmentation in the rate of wages, and its management much improved, ere the English working class can be regarded as beyond the dread of want. He does not despair of this result, but considers it more likely to be realized by the mutual sympathy of classes than by compulsory legislation.

Professor Du Bois-Reymond (8) has collected into a little volume three of his elegant orations before the University of Berlin. The subject of the first is the defence of Frederick the Great against the harsh judgment of Macaulay. Macaulay unquestionably coloured too highly here as everywhere else; yet we must think that here, as elsewhere, his error is rather one of form than of substance. Professor Du Bois-Reymond's attempt to retort the charge by taunting the English nation with the misdeeds imputed to Warren Hastings is sophistical. The actions of Hastings are not incapable of defence; yet, granting them all that Professor Du Bois-Reymond would have them, they were still dictated by hard necessity. But Frederick's motive was sheer rapacity; he was under no kind of compulsion to appropriate Silesia or partition Poland. The brief parallel between Copernicus and Darwin lays hold with great sagacity of the fundamental point of resemblances between the two philosophers—that they

(1) *Wilhelm Vatke in seinem Leben und seinen Schriften*. Dargestellt von H. Benecke. Bonn: Strauss. London: Nutt.

(2) *Lukasz Gornicki. Sein Leben und seine Werke. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Humanismus in Polen*. Von Raphael Löwenfeld. Breslau: Koebner. London: Nutt.

(3) *Südamerikanische Studien. Drei Lebens- und Cultur-Bilder. Mutis, Caldas, Codazzi*. Von Hermann A. Schumacher. Berlin: Mittler. London: Nutt.

(4) *Zeitschrift für Keilschriftforschung und verwandte Gebiete*. Herausgegeben von Carl Bezold und Fritz Hommel. Bd. 1, Hft. 2. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(5) *Encyclopædie und Methodologie der Romanischen Philologie, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Französischen*. Von Gustav Körting. Th. 1. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Nutt.

(6) *Genealogischer Almanach*. Jahrg. 4. Dresden: Grumbkow. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Das Englische Arbeiterversicherungswesen: Geschichte seiner Entwicklung und Gesetzgebung*. Von W. Hasbach. Leipzig: Dancker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Friedrich II. in Englischen Urtheilen. Darwin und Copernicus. Die Humboldt-Denkmalen von der Berliner Universität*. Drei Reden von Emil du Bois-Reymond. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

shifted the central points of their respective sciences, and substituted one simple principle for a number of ingenious refinements called into existence to account for the apparent absence of such a principle. The oration on the statues of the brothers Humboldt is as long as the other two together and a masterpiece of elegant exposition. It is but natural that a physicist should find more to say of Alexander than of Wilhelm, who, if a less conspicuous and imposing figure, probably possessed more exalted and refined mental powers.

We are highly indebted to Dr. Veckenstedt (9) for the diligent collection of the materials of a remarkable popular mythology, interesting from its own picturesqueness, from its relation to kindred mythologies, and as embodying the traditions of the only branch of the Aryan family who have possessed their primitive speech as a living language. Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, exist as spoken languages only in philologically degraded forms; but the speech of the Zamaits or Lithuanian Lowlanders, better known in this country as Samogitians, is probably in grammar and structure much the same as when their forefathers settled by the amber-giving Baltic. How far the traditions themselves are primitive is another question. It is somewhat startling to find the stories of the Flood and the destruction of Sodom combined at the very outset of what purports to be a national epic setting forth the divine origin of the Zamaite nation. If the tradition is really authentic in all its main features, it points to deep primitive affinities between Aryan and Semitic mythology; if it is merely borrowed, then its introduction into Lithuania must be comparatively recent, and the scientific importance of Lithuanian folk-lore is altogether much diminished. In any case, the interest and picturesqueness of the collection are extraordinary, and many traits are almost certainly original; such as the helplessness of the Zamaits when first dismissed from their Raselas-like seclusion to make their way in the world, and the simplicity of their proceedings, recalling the works and ways of the wise men of Gotham. These details form a portion of the great national epic recalling the origin of their race and the exploits of their King Dungs, and their sorceress-queen Zamaite. The remainder of the Lithuanian traditions may be divided into the strictly mythological, survivals of their primitive Pantheon, and the local stories and popular superstitions. The former class are especially interesting in their points of affinity and difference with Greek and Indian mythology. Elemental worship is their sum and substance; of animal worship little trace is to be found. It is frequently difficult to determine how far the various mythological personages are to be regarded as divinities and how far as genii, or ministers of the supreme Deity; but it is evident that the Christian influences to which the popular belief has been exposed for so many centuries must have tended to obliterate the traces of original polytheism. There does seem, however, to have been always a broad distinction between the thunder-god Perkun and the other divinities. Perkun's attributes are nearly those of Indra, and on the whole the Lithuanian religion may perhaps be not unfairly taken to represent the Hindoo creed in a state of arrested development. The minor folk-lore of spectres, cobolds, nixes, and the like is full of most entertaining stories, but does not materially vary from the general character of popular superstitions elsewhere. Dr. Veckenstedt points out its affinities with the Russian, and the support thus accorded to the theory of the original identity of the Lithuanians and the Slavonians. The value of the collection is enhanced by an excellent glossary and index.

"From Two Worlds" (10) is in every sense a very pretty volume, though it scarcely gets beyond the prettiness of mere sentiment. A young lady, fascinated by the book of a German professor, initiates a correspondence with him, which, beginning with railery and mystification, speedily becomes serious, and leads up to a betrothal, a marriage, all kinds of misunderstandings and misfortunes, and finally a happy *dénouement* by reason of the serious peril of the young wife, who reconciles everybody by the simple and not altogether unheard-of expedient of first falling ill, and then getting well. Instead of a funeral, therefore, the book ends with a christening.

The Queen of Roumania's works follow each other too rapidly for an enduring reputation. If any excuse can be made for this over-fecundity, it is in the case of a pretty little volume like her "Sketches" (11), where the execution is professedly slight, and where at the same time its negligence is compensated by ease and vigour of treatment. There is, indeed, no slight literary merit in these careless sketches, hastily outlined as they are, and fanciful as is their implied parallel with various styles of pictorial art. They evince real dramatic power, with a decided talent for the vivid representation of scenes and persons. The situations are always powerfully imagined, and Her Majesty may yet produce an excellent novel if she possesses the powers of invention and construction which cannot be fairly tested by her present experiment.

It is a pity that Turgeneff's recollections for some time past in course of publication in the *Rundschau* (12) should be broken off

just as they are becoming really interesting. The former instalments have dealt principally with insignificant persons little known out of Russia; in the present we have Turgeneff's impression of the moody and Byronic Lermontoff, of the taciturn Kriloff, of Iwanow, the unfortunate painter whose fine ideal faculty was condemned to impotence for want of technical skill. More interesting still are Turgeneff's revelations of himself, his profound astonishment and disappointment when the character of Bazaroff in *Fathers and Sons* was interpreted into an attack on the tendencies of the Russian youth, and his avowal of a moral sympathy with Nihilism. The most important of the other contributions is an essay on the Pergamian remains by Professor Milchhofer, directing attention to the originality of the sculptures at the time of their execution, and to the remarkable affinity of sentiment between them and some modern works of art. Philipp Spitta's pleasant article on Spohr's opera of *Jessonda* traces the plot to its source in Lemierre's *Veue de Malabar*. Fiction is represented by two novelettes translated from the Italian of Salvatore Farina, who seems to be rapidly acquiring a European reputation; and "Handsome Valentine," a promising tale by Helene Böhlen, depicting a German youth on his travels, a theme invariably attractive.

The continuation of Fritz Lemmermeyer's "Alchemist" in *Auf der Höhe* (13) deals chiefly in the horrors of mediæval prosecutions for witchcraft, a subject so shocking and repulsive that the author's unquestionable success in harrowing the reader's feelings affords no real criterion of his power. "Above the Clouds," by Jenny Schnabe, describes with considerable spirit a young lady's ascent with a young aeronaut, with the consequences to be anticipated. Karl Hannemann's account of the Basques is full of interest; and the translations from Paul de Mont introduce us to a Flemish poet of considerable merit.

The German Literary Calendar (14) continues its useful course, with its list of living German authors and literary societies, necrology, texts of the year's copyright conventions and legislation, and other matter of importance to literary men.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE MAUPASSANT'S edition of Flaubert's letters to George Sand (1) consists of two parts, the first of which, the editor's long notice of the great novelist with whom he was so nearly connected, is worthy of the second. Except for a natural, but certainly rather unjust, protest against M. Maxime du Camp, and a totally uncalled-for fling at M. Cherbuliez, this notice is written in excellent taste throughout, which is not always the case with the work of its clever author. It is much the best personal sketch of Flaubert that has appeared, and if not fully sufficient as an accompaniment to his works (for, little as we love personal details of authors, we must hold against M. de Maupassant that the novelist's constitutional disease is an important literary as well as biographical fact), it is all but sufficient. The literary criticism it contains is for the most part sound, and far less crudely expressed than might be expected from one of those about M. Zola, a breed for which we have always held M. de Maupassant far too good, despite his occasional *fredaines* in prose and verse. This notice, which fills nearly ninety pages, is followed by the letters. They cover exactly ten years, beginning in 1866 and ending only with George Sand's death. "Chère madame" quickly passes into "chère maître," and the tone of affectionate admiration which this last false concord inspires is maintained throughout. Flaubert's amiable, and in some respects almost childish, nature, his intense love of literature, his noble Romantic scorn of the "bourgeois au front glabre," and his scarcely less vigorous hatred of "realism," all appear. The letters are of that kind which make the reader like better and think better of both writer and receiver, as all good letters from and to good people do. Evil is the case of those whose really private letters leave a bad taste in the mouth. At the same time, it cannot be said that Flaubert is a model letter-writer. His jocularities (never his strong point) is passable, but not more, and the graver passages lack precision and weight. It is evident that the enormous pains he took with his printed style have not been exaggerated. But in this book we do not look for a work of literature, but for a personal "document"; and we have it.

M. d'Escamps's "Madagascar" (2) is a considerably altered and enlarged reprint of a book issued nearly forty years ago. It contains a great deal of information excellently printed and compendiously arranged; and the author takes especial pains to disavow any hostile feelings towards England. But almost all the new and much of the old part of his book is devoted to urging the annexation of the whole of Madagascar by his countrymen, and to the attempt to show that such an annexation would only be the carrying out of old, recognized, and unextinguished French claims. This latter position it is impossible for English students of history and politics to admit.

(3) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue*. Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 10, Hft. 28. Leipzig: Licht & Meyer. London: Nutt.

(14) *Deutscher Literatur-Kalender auf das Jahr 1884*. Herausgegeben von Joseph Kürschner. Berlin: Spemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Lettres de Gustave Flaubert à George Sand*. Précédées d'une étude par Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Histoire et géographie de Madagascar*. Par H. d'Escamps. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Firmin Didot.

(9) *Die Mythen, Sagen und Legenden der Zamaiten (Litauer)*. Gesammelt und Herausgegeben von Dr. Edm. Veckenstedt. 2 Bde. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Nutt.

(10) *Aus zwei Welten*. Von Dito und Idem. Berlin: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Handzeichnungen*. Von Carmen Sylva. Berlin: Duncker. London: Nutt.

(12) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

A few historical students may be aware, but most are probably ignorant, of the resolution taken by the French Foreign Office two or three years ago to publish in a classified form the instructions issued to French Ministers abroad between Richelieu's time and the Revolution. The first volume of the series (3), a goodly octavo of five hundred pages (the print and paper of which deserve especial commendation) concern Austria, and is edited by M. Albert Sorel, whose works on diplomatic history are well and most favourably known. England has been assigned to M. A. Baschet, Russia to M. Rambaud, Spain to M. Morel-Fatio, and the remaining countries to hands doubtless equally competent. The whole ought to form an exceedingly valuable collection, necessary, if not to every gentleman's library, at any rate to all public libraries and to the shelves of all students of modern history whose houses are tolerably ample and their purses moderately well furnished.

It is a debatable point what is the best form for a book of reference, or, at any rate, of instruction, in classical archaeology. Practice, if not theory, has in England long inclined to the dictionary, and there is no doubt of its superior convenience as a perpetual commentary on the classics themselves (4). But the lexicographer has, of necessity, to keep apart, even in the most ingenious system of grouping, things which ought to be together, and the most elaborate cross references will not wholly obviate this defect. The archaeological manual of Herren Guhl and Koner, as offered to French readers, proceeds on the opposite principle, that of continuous narration in chapters under general titles. It is well translated and excellently presented in the version of MM. Trawinski and Riemann, while the illustration appears to have been largely increased and is now excellent.

Mme. Le Breton's *Botanique pour tous* (5) is a very beautiful book, lavishly illustrated, carefully printed, and almost marvellously cheap for its size and general appearance. Its system is something like that of Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues* and other friends or enemies of our youth. Playing at science is rather out of favour in England just now, but M. Decaisne's revision and imprimatur ought to be sufficient warrant for Mme. Le Breton's orthodoxy.

(3) *Recueil des instructions données aux ambassadeurs et ministres de France depuis les traités de Westphalie jusqu'à la révolution française*. Tome I. Autriches. Par A. Sorel. Paris: Alcan (Librairie Germer-Baillière).

(4) *La vie antique d'après Guhl et Koner*. Par F. Trawinski, O. Riemann, et A. Dumont. Partie I. La vie des Grecs. Paris: Rothschild.

(5) *La botanique pour tous*. Par J. Le Breton. Deuxième édition. Paris: Rothschild.

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STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—The FOURTH ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday the 10th instant, by permission, in the Theatre of the Royal School of Mines, 25 Jermyn Street, S.W., when a Paper will be read on:

"Electoral Statistics: a Review of the Working of our Representative System, from 1832 to 1881, in view of Prospective Changes therein."

By JOHN BIDDULPH MARTIN, Esq., M.A. The Chair will be taken at 7.15 P.M.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL AND UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE.

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IRON and IRONMONGERY.—The Streets Committee of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Friday, the 22nd of February, 1884, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the supply of Iron and Ironmongery, for Wheelwrights' and Smiths' purposes, for a period of three years from Lady-day next, to be delivered at Lett's Wharf, Commercial Road, Lambeth, agreeably to a Specification, copies of which, with form of tender, may be had at this Office.

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